Saturday Review

AUGUST 4, 1962 / 25¢

New Frontier in Soviet Science?

THE REVERSAL OF DEATH

V. A. Negovskii □ □ Claude S. Beck

WHAT A MOON TICKET WILL BUY

By Warren Weaver

PUBLIC WORKS AND THE PUBLIC HAPPINESS

By August Heckscher

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Helen Hayes has some hints on helping overseas visitors feel at home

Help with directions

I've stayed in practically every city in America, yet I often have to ask directions. So imagine the difficulty our guests will have as they travel here. Be as helpful as you can. If you don't know the answer, find somebody who does.

Local customs

Visitors passing through your town need to know things about our stores—how and when we shop. Tell them, too, about traffic and parking regulations, opening and closing hours at museums and nearby recreation areas.

Transportation

It's surprising how visitors appreciate your words of advice—on where to get a taxicab; how to rent a car, how to locate the correct bus or train at a station. They will also be grateful for your pointers about our highways.

"Company's Coming! Everywhere I go people are talking about it and asking what they can do to help. I've been telling them that simple American hospitality is most important. I think a visitor will remember the busy Philadelphian who takes time to put him on the right bus just as vividly as he'll recall Independence Hall. And a courtesy extended by a Montana drugstore clerk will make an impression quite as lasting as Yellowstone National Park. So please remember that friendly Americans win American friends!"

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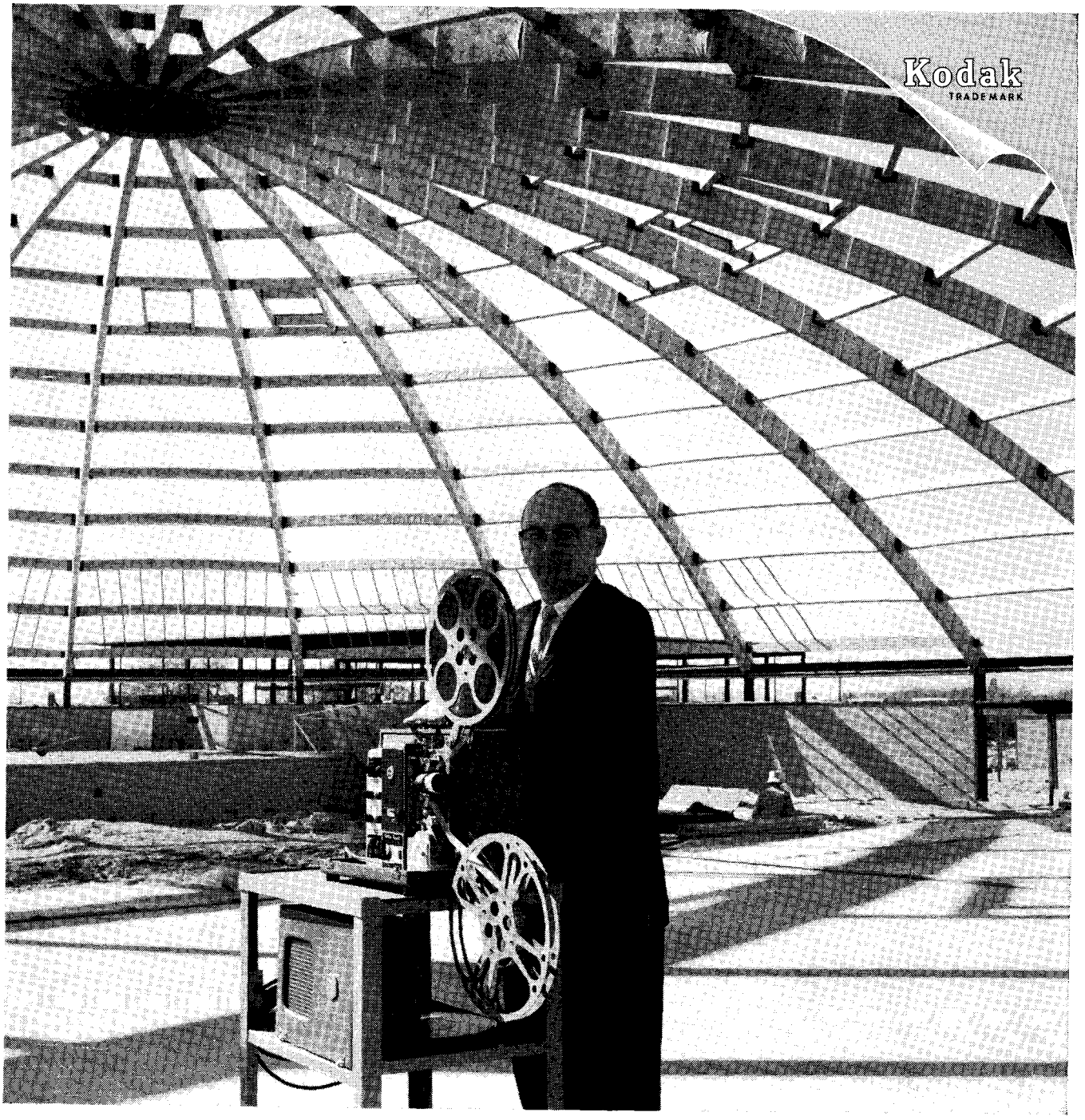

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(Advertisement)

Time was when I wouldn't have given you a plugged diplomat for a book on foreign policy. That was in the days when the subject wasn't much good as an election issue or as plot material for a play or movie. But times have changed, to coin a phrase, and there is a new and good book called FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND YOU! which I think is going to sell.

The author, Andrew Berding, knows whereof he speaks and whomof, if that's a word, he castigates. Despite the title, his book is not a polemic but a primer. It shows interestingly and clearly how the foreign policy of this nation is shaped, who does it, and when.

Berding's experience began years ago when as an A.P. correspondent, he was called back from Rome to man one of the 4 newspaper desks in the Department of State. Cordell Hull used to walk into the room daily for a "press conference." The subject matter involved words like "isolation" and "appeasement." Remember them? Berding changed with the times, and changed desks, becoming Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs and Deputy Director of the U. S. Information Agency.

Not all of what Andrew Berding has to say is diplomatic. His analysis of the U-2, of Secretaries Dulles, Herter, and Rusk, of summit conferences, and American personnel abroad ranges from brisk to blunt.

But he knows, too, that our foreign policies are sometimes as difficult to explain or defend as they are to formulate. If you think that foreign affairs are your affair, a reading of the Berding book will give excellent background for your ideas and opinions and actions.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND YOU! ($4.50) is published by Doubleday and Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday bookshops, one of which is located at 310 N. 8th Street, St. Louis 1, Missouri.

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By Christopher Marlowe
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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By CLEVELAND AMORY

JULY was the month of Telstar, the month when Premier Khrushchev announced he could hit a fly in the sky, and the month when President Kennedy, on the subject of befriending business, got down to brass tax. In the All-Star Game in Washington, however, he became the first President in history to attend a baseball game in shirtsleeves—thus proving, among other things, the age-old adage of shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves in three generations.

• • •

It was also the month when Fred Baldasare swam the English Channel underwater, when the Anti-Trust Department went after MCA, and when Representative Charles E. Goodell of New York reported to *Insiders Newsletter* that an Army civilian clerk had received a document, initialed it, and passed it on to his supervisor. He promptly got it back with a note. "This paper," the note said, "didn't concern you. Please erase your initials and initial the erasure."

• • •

William Faulkner's death, of course, overshadowed all other obituaries of the month. But there were two "era obituaries" in the business field, both on the same day—Owen D. Young, at eighty-seven, and Edward F. Hutton, at eighty-six. Curiously, both of these men, "self-made" to almost an equal extent, held almost opposite "senior citizen" views. Young, a former board chairman of both General Electric and RCA, frankly disbelieved in elder statesmanship. "I suspect," he once said, "that a man can be of maximum use only to his own generation. I really believe there is more harm done by old men who cling to their influence than by young men who anticipate it." Hutton, however, who was a former chairman of General Foods and founder of the E. F. Hutton stock exchange firm, continued almost to the time of his death to write column after column—his first columns were full-page newspaper ads—attacking everything from Franklin D. Roosevelt on down to what he considered the road to bureaucracy. During the dark days of the Depression, on the one hand, he personally supplied food and necessities to more than 100,000 families for an entire week. On the other, he boldly launched from Palm Beach his $900,000 "Hussar," the largest sailing yacht in the world. "He evidently felt," it was said at the time, "that if other yacht owners would do likewise, the nation could yacht its way out of the Depression."

• • •

On the resort front in July, resorters noticed a pronounced trend toward what Louis Jones, executive director of the N.Y. State Historical Association, has called "Education-Vacation." Everywhere anybody looked along the Eastern Seaboard there were summer seminars of one kind or another—from Walter Jacobs's Festival of the Seven Arts at the Lake Tarleton Club in Pike, New Hampshire, to Victor D'Amico's Summer Art Center of the Institute of Modern Art, located on a converted Navy barge perched on the shore of Long Island's Montauk Highway. At Louis Jones's Annual Seminar on American Culture at Cooperstown, New York, the most popular course was, of all things, one with the title "Conservation of Rare Books, Manuscripts, and Prints." Here the teachers, Harold Tribolet of the R. R. Donnelly Co. and Miss Carolyn Horton, bookbinder, advised their students to do nothing rather than the wrong thing in their overenthusiasm for conservation. The students were told the story of the man treed by a bear. "If you can't help me," the man said, "at least don't help the bear."

Among the teachers of other courses at Cooperstown were Fred Rath, Jr., Carl Carmer, Fred Kniffen, James Thomas Flexner, Roger Butterfield, Harold Peterson, Sheldon and Caroline Keck, and Minor Wine Thomas, Jr., chief curator of the Henry Ford Museum. The evening sessions were devoted to largely humorous talks which, considering the surroundings, were particularly apropos. "I would say," Dr. Jones told us, "that for some two hundred years this town has had a gentle flow of social irregularity." Mrs. Jones put it more sharply. "The problem wasn't so much intermarriage," she said. "It was out-of-marriage."

• • •

On the book front, the trend was all toward autobiography—with a good part of it, as usual, ought-not-to-biography. Hollywood figures like Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, and even Marlene Dietrich wrote books, and so, too, for a change, did a couple of writers. Unhappily, the contributions of the latter were, if anything, worse than those of the former. P. G. Wodehouse

new and unusual

CHRISTMAS CARDS

A new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum of Art cards. Paintings from the Italian primitives to Cézanne and Seurat, medieval ivories and miniatures in precious colors, Byzantine enamels on gold, Renaissance angels, tapestries and embroideries in colored silks, Greek vase paintings, drawings and prints by Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Dürer, and Gauguin, and a festive variety of designs from Egypt, India, China, and Japan. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, under the direct supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September first.

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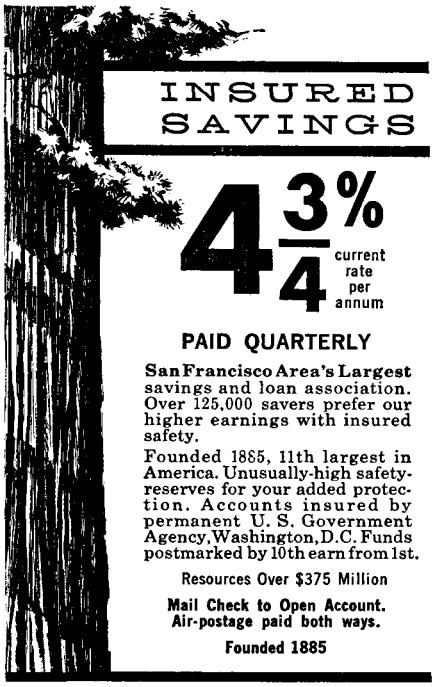
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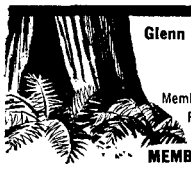

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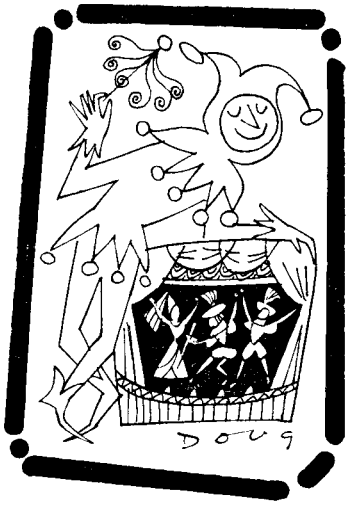
Coming September 8th
Art in the United States in 1962
By Katharine Kuh



brought out a book of singularly dull letters, and W. Somerset Maugham, in a magazine autobiography, managed to come up with such tasteless writing about his former wife that he made, in one article, an entire host of ex-fans. Two good autobiographies stood out like beacons. One was Martin Levin's "Five Boyhoods"—the childhood stories of Howard Lindsay, Harry Golden, Walt Kelly, William K. Zinsser, and John Updike—and the other, extraordinarily enough, was a book called "Veeck—as in Wreck," the autobiography of the courageous, one-legged stormy petrel of the Cleveland Indians, St. Louis Browns, and Chicago White Sox. If you want to know what the Messrs. Weiss, Webb, Topping, et al, are really like—how the Yankees are $1,500,000 ahead of another club before the season even starts—this book is your meat, potatoes, and dessert. Don't miss it.

Elsewhere in the book field, the Bobbs-Merrill people have a book coming out next fall with a title which apparently has everything. It's a pretty simple title, too, when you come right down to it: "Women in the Life of Jesus."

• • •

On the magazine front, it was the month when *Time* magazine discovered Society—in a cover story written by the former Religion editor of that magazine, who, after three marriages, was apparently promoted to "Modern Living." "In," *Time* said, were Costa del Sol, Barbados, the Greek Islands, Sardinia, Southampton, the Colony, the Côte Basque, the Caravelle, and Venice after June 15 or in late September. "Out" are Costa Brava, St. Tropez, Jamaica, and Venice any other time. And "21," *Time* said sternly of the restaurant that never picks up checks—not even for Timeditors discovering Society—"hasn't been "In" for years."

Chess Corner—No. 74

AT THE Curaçao Candidates' Chess Tournament, 1962, the over-all rivalry of the grand masters from the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, and the United States encompassed a more particularized competition—the quartet of games between the Americans Bobby Fischer and Pal Benko.

In the game below, White's intentions are clear: castle long and storm the Black King's fortress with Pawns and pieces.

In this game, however, it was Benko, playing Black, who obtained a beautiful position and mounted a crushing attack against White's King. Then, disdaining a perpetual check, Benko under time pressure missed the best ways to press his advantage, and White suddenly developed a counterattack, which culminated in a Queen sacrifice and checkmate of Black's King.

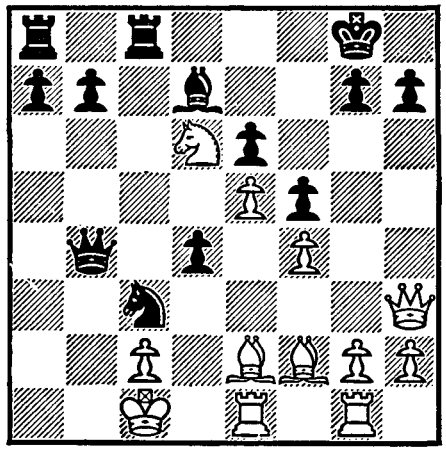
FRENCH DEFENSE

	R. Fischer White	P. Benko Black			
1	P-K4	P-K3	7	Q-N4	0-0
2	P-Q4	P-Q4	8	B-Q3	P-B4
3	N-QB3	N-KB3	9	Q-R3	BxN
4	P-K5	KN-Q2	10	RxB	N-B4
5	P-B4	P-QB4	11	B-Q2	N-B3
6	PxP	BxP	12	N-N5	Q-N3

Black threatens to win a Rook with 13 . . . NxBch. At this point it is hard to determine whose attack will win. From now on the tension mounts.

13	0-0-0	B-Q2	18	K-Q2	Q-N5ch
14	N-Q6	N-R5	19	K-B1	N-B6
15	B-N5	N-Q5	20	QR-K1	NxPch
16	B-K3	N-K7ch	21	K-Q1	N-B6ch
17	BxN	QxPch	22	K-B1	P-Q5

23 B-B2 KR-B1?



Perhaps 23 . . . B-R5 would have presented White with more problems.

24	B-Q3	N-R7ch	28	K-Q2!	P-KR3
25	K-Q1	N-B6ch	29	P-N4	PxP
26	K-B1	R-B4	30	RxP	K-R1
27	Q-R4	R-R4	31	QxPch	Resigns

If 31 . . . PxQ, then 32 N-B7 mate.

—AL HOROWITZ.

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TRADE Winds

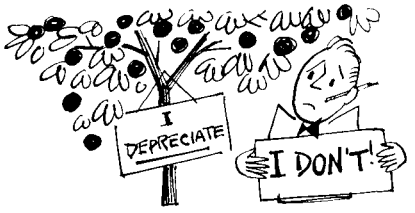
IN THEIR ANNOUNCEMENT of the winner of the Houghton Mifflin-Esquire Fellowship award (given to Ellen Douglas for her novel "A Family's Affairs"), the sponsors included a map of the United States showing the geographical sources of the manuscripts submitted for the contest. In a footnote, the sponsors stated: "This does not presume to be a distribution map of talent, but the figures are interesting."

They are. All the talk about a literary wave in the Deep South needs a stiffer examination, even though the winner hails from there. Heading the list of sources is not the South, but New York with 287 manuscripts, followed by California with a total of 192. Moreover, while 16 were submitted from San Francisco and 7 from San Jose, not a single page fluttered in from Hollywood or Los Angeles, allegedly centers of writing talent. On the other hand, Greeley, Colorado, submitted 2, as did the new state of Alaska.

WHENEVER A WRITER wants a subject that is a sure bet, the legend goes, he needs only to write about dogs. In pursuit of this legend are two new books: "The Complete Book of Dog Training and Care," by J. J. McCoy (Coward-McCann), and "The New Standard Book of Dog Care and Training," by Jeanette Cross and Blanche Saunders (Hawthorn). Since books about Lincoln and doctors are supposed

to have the same good luck as dog books, George Stevens, former editor of *SR*, came up with a title some years back which has since become part of the legend: "Lincoln's Doctor's Dog." But John Porter, writing from Lime Rock, Connecticut, says that since books on the Civil War and the F.B.I. now seem to have the same status, a sure smash hit would be a book called: "Lincoln's Doctor's Dog Goes to Gettysburg—for the F.B.I."

FURTHER MENTION of James Cain's change of diet (*SR*, May 26) which he claims started him writing again after a ten-year layoff has stirred up quite a bit of mail. His method was simply to drop cholesterol. Now we learn from Leonard Lyons that Marilyn Monroe and Susan Strasberg have followed the same path, and have persuaded Tennessee Williams to do so, too. Upton Sinclair, in his eighty-fourth year, has his own special diet according to the New York *Post*. Three times a day, he cooks himself some brown rice and adds fresh fruit and dried figs, pineapple juice, powdered milk, and corn oil. He eats it with raw celery for a chaser.



WRITERS HAVE TO KEEP their machinery going some way, even if by means of brown rice. As noted in the "Income Tax Guide," by Arthur C. Strasburger (Tax Digest, Inc.), breeding or dairy cattle have a useful life, for depreciation purposes, of eight years. For breeding goats, it is five years; for work mules, ten; and for nectarine trees, fifteen. But writers, according to tax experts, are not allowed to depreciate.

BUT WRITERS DO HAVE REASON to be grateful at times. Antonio Micocci sends a reminder that his friend Baynard Kendrick dedicated his book "The Flames of Time" (Scribner) in this way:

"To: The Bank of Romney (69-192), *Romney, West Virginia*, without whose help this book (and my others) would never have been written."

ONE THING WRITERS ARE ALLOWED to do is set up rules for other writers to follow. Isaac Singer, whose recent novel "The Slave" (Farrar, Straus) has received respectful attention, holds some opinions on the subject, even though he believes rules are made to be broken. Five of Singer's rules are:

(1) Say less than can be said of a subject. You can never exhaust a theme. All you can do is exhaust the reader.

(2) Never think that the reader has less understanding and depth of mind than you. The chances are that what you consider profound and new is for him already obvious and banal.

(3) Give him facts, not commentaries.

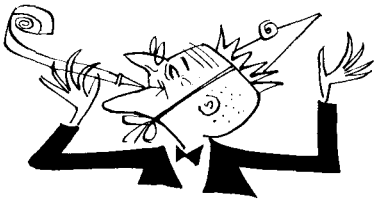
(4) Wisdom is never new. Don't try to be wise.

(5) Never fear the sensational, the perverse, the pathological, the mystical. Life has no exceptions. The exception is its law.

THE CREATOR OF THE FAMOUS detective Philip Marlowe, the late Raymond Chandler, had his own views on the craft of writing. He said: "A writer who hates writing is as impossible as a lawyer who hates the law. Plotting may be a bore, even if you are good at it. At least it is something that has to be done in order to get on with the real business. But a writer who hates the actual writing, who gets no joy out of the creation of magic by words, to me is simply not a writer at all."

SLOPPINESS TENDS to be a characteristic of writers. But rather than moan about it, Elinor Goulding Smith, wife of the "Where Did You Go—Out" Smith, has taken advantage of the fact to write the forthcoming "Great Big Messy Book" (Dial). It's a collection of delightful suggestions for people who can't even open a hard-boiled egg. And it's probably the first book printed with black fingerprints on every other page.

ANOTHER TENDENCY of writers is to grow old gracefully. In his mellow book "Author! Author!," P. G. Wodehouse



at the age of eighty-five writes that he is glad the hot blood of his late seventies has cooled. The thought that he'll never need to wear a paper hat at a party again is a pleasant one. "Your kid of seventy-five," he writes, "is full of juvenile prejudices, but we octogenarians are able to take a broader, kindlier view. If there is a better world . . . I have yet to hear of it."

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1478)

ROSS:

GRACE COOLIDGE AND HER ERA

Mrs. Coolidge was obviously much more contented than he during those days at The Beeches. She had her friends, her community work, her flowers and dogs, her letters, her books, her Double-Crostics. And she followed baseball; Calvin did not share this interest.

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Saturday Review
AUGUST 4, 1962

PUBLIC WORKS AND THE PUBLIC HAPPINESS

By AUGUST HECKSCHER, *Special White House Consultant on the Arts and Director of the Twentieth Century Fund. Next September the Atheneum Press will publish Mr. Heckscher's new book, "The Public Happiness," from which the present article was taken.*

THE NEXT decades will be a period of vast building and of great physical transformations of the American scene. Not only will goods pour from the factories, but new highways will crisscross the nation. Cities will be torn down and rebuilt. The countryside will become urbanized. And if we seize our opportunities, a civilization will be shaped.

What do we mean by shaping a civilization? Surely it is not all this construction by itself. In his "Republic," Plato complained of those who heaped up physical structures and yet missed the most important aspects of a true civilization. They have filled the city, he said, "full of harbors and docks and buildings and all that, and have left no room for reason or justice."

A civilization begins to manifest itself when some ordering principle is seen to be at work; when all the activity, however contradictory and even self-defeating it may appear on the surface, reveals an underlying scheme of values and sense of purpose. A civilization requires "reason and justice" at the core—an inner balance and judgment in the light of which decisions are made. The machine running wild, the bulldozer on the rampage, the crane swinging aimlessly against the sky—these are signs of a people making things over without knowing why, or to what end.

In the past the outward pattern of things has, to an extraordinary degree, been left to chance, to the haphazard actions of special interests and groups. Sometimes it has seemed that we simply did not concern ourselves with the results. The American continent was so huge, its resources of land and forests and water so unbounded, that though men chopped away at them with only their own interests in mind the great bulk of things remained unspoiled.

Sometimes, too, we have assumed that private interests working competitively would create a pattern with its own kind of fitness, and in strange ways this has often happened. The farming landscape, whether tightly knit in New England or spread across the Midwestern miles, has its particular beauty. The New York skyline, thrusting upward in a form of wild rivalry, reveals a spirit that no sculptor could have achieved. But there are limits beyond which this faith in automatic artistry cannot be pushed; and where they are passed over, as in the sprawling roadside slums or the monotonous housing developments, the public has appeared to stand by helplessly. The capacity to establish boundaries and create standards has been lost amid a general admiration of motion for its own sake.

Where public rather than private agencies have undertaken to mold the landscape or drastically alter the environment, they have most frequently had a single objective in view—to speed up traffic, to stop floods, to maintain some stretch of wilderness in its natural state. All this may be to the good; but that fact that these interventions were the work of lonely enthusiasts, or of bureaucratic experts, suggests that something less than a harmonious civilization has been in the making. Too often the interest served has been at the expense of other interests equally valid—like the housing developments which seem to have been built with no idea except housing, leaving out entirely the human needs of recreation, of neighborliness, of places to loiter and to mix the generations.

The question is not whether the next decades shall see building and planning; these things in one way or another are bound to occur. The question is whether we can build with love and a sense of the values involved; whether we can plan with the understanding and participation of the wide public. The physical and cultural environment has meaning only insofar as it bears the marks of what we are and what we aspire to be. Without meaning, this environment must overwhelm the individual and hopelessly blur the beauty of what man creates.

PERHAPS, then, it is time to consider specifically what the phrase "public works" implies. It is so easy to call for more public spending—and so difficult to state with some precision and philosophical depth the ends which spending is expected to serve. Let me stress, first, the fact that we are dealing with *works*. It is an interesting word when isolated and put thus in the plural. We know what it means when it is used in connection with an individual. A man will say: "This is my work," and we see the process of routine and toil, the slow, laborious, day-by-day activity which provides him with the sustenance of

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life. But if he says: "These are my works," with what a different signification the words fall! He may be pointing at a collection of books upon the shelves, or at paintings in a studio; but whatever it is, the ardors of creation will be in it, the joys of disinterested effort and the rewards of pleasures deferred. The books or paintings may not have brought him wealth or recognition; but they exist in themselves, more solid than anything which might have come as a by-product. All of us, like Ozymandias, should be able to say of something in our lives—perhaps half jokingly of our children, or of our own modest successes in an art or handicraft —"See how *my* works endure!"

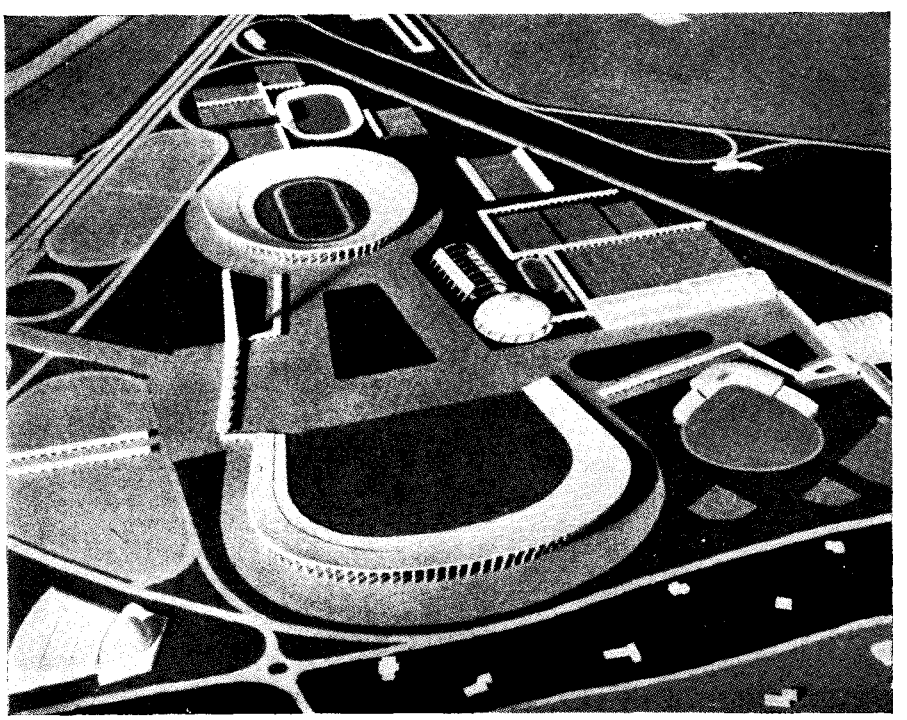
A community needs works in the same way—not only for the pleasures and satisfactions which may come from their use; but because it can be fully functioning as a community only when it is producing some things that survive the day and come to have a spirit and existence of their own. We describe our life today as a "consumer society," —a society with an inner tendency to make immediate use of everything which it produces, leaving nothing over except waste. Its citizens are degraded by being part of such a process—men and women caught in a remorseless system of absorption and disposal, without any resting point for delight, for reflection, for appraisal. Their personalities are befogged and their hold on objective reality weakened because their society, insofar as it conforms to its inner principle, is caught in a round of meaningless motion. Now it is plain that such a community will be out of sympathy with works in the sense we have been defining them here. For every such object, created to endure, embodying the spirit and representing a lasting value, is a kind of standing affront—a reminder before the eyes of the people that not everything is to be caught in the flux and made subject to the process of consumption.

Not only will such a society be slow to undertake works commensurate with its wealth; it will be in a mood to destroy what other men, in other times, have created. Nothing is more symptomatic of our own state than the heedless, and indeed determined, assault which is being made constantly on the inherited environment, both natural and man-made. Here and there some signal act of preservation or reconstruction will be undertaken; but this is usually on the initiative of some wealthy and public-spirited individual; it cannot be said to reflect any common fund of piety or instinctive appreciation.

An historical sentimentalism wins for objects of the colonial period a stay of

—*Courtesy Shell Oil Company.*

Air, light, space, and safety for pedestrians and motorists in tomorrow's city, as seen by Norman Bel Geddes.



City plan for a sport and tourist center for Barcelona, as conceived by Antonio Perpina Sebria.

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execution and even the flattery of imitation (as if somehow our colonial period was our most notable!); but almost everything lying between that period and the present is considered fair game for the wrecking crew and the bulldozer. Our cities, as a result, tend to look as if they had been struck off, like a coin; or printed at one stroke, like a book. And this, indeed, is the situation toward which a consumer society naturally tends; for in its purest form the buildings would be made subject to the advertiser's law of obsolescence, and would be regularly replaced along with the automobile and the electric icebox.

NOW the argument is not that everything in our industrial civilization be made durable and watched over with the concern of a bourgeois housewife. In the succession of things coming and passing away, there is a fine reflection of the kind of verity which the saints discerned. To go much further, making disposable a large number of products which are now semipermanent, such as clothes and crockery, would be in line with the genius of modern things. The individual, freed of the burden of much that must now be considered worldly possessions, would be a figure to delight Thoreau.

The important point really is that the right things be thrown away; and that in every life and in every community there be some things which are not thrown away at all. In a balance between permanence and flux, between what is kept and discarded, what is loved and what is merely used, lies the key to a meaningful civilization.

It is the essence of works that they be permanent and that they be loved; they are, by definition, that part of a community which abides. Yet even the noblest of them should not be confused with the works of the gods. They endure, but not forever; they reveal a truth, but only imperfectly. To take them with too great a solemnity is to betray ourselves into another kind of bondage; perhaps even a quite liberal bondage, for the city or state that sets too great a store upon its physical monuments is easy prey to the blackmail of the invader.

Many of the shrines of a national existence can most fittingly exist in a physical state which reminds us of their mortality, their outward appearance suggesting delight in the stones but not worship of them for their own sakes. Children playing in the shadow of a cathedral, and even private buildings crowding close around it, suggest the right relationship between men and things. Conversely, where powerful governments have set about restoring to the last detail some architectural or ecclesiastical monument, disengaging it from its rootage in the community and setting it austerely apart, we can usually guess that something has gone wrong. The money, we suspect, would better have been spent in giving the people some of the material benefits which they lack.

The works of a community provide the best of disciplines for the citizen; in an exact sense they are object lessons, and the theme they teach is the need for a detached and quizzical spirit. We have seen how the institutions of the modern community, its politics, its education, and its leisure, lead the citizen to a certain maturity of view, even a kind of playfulness in his relation to the world. In the same way these visible objects, for such as are willing to meditate upon them, give their mute instruction.

WHAT we value in such works is rarely beauty in its perfected form; often, indeed, beauty has missed the mark by a thousand miles. But there is here, at best, a struggling after something more enduring than the prevailing values of the day in which they were made. Men believed that what they were creating was good. And so it is that often in the most absurd or pretentious of memorials, as in those we associate with our own post-Civil War period, there will be a shadow of excellence and the charm of a misbegotten hope. To contemplate the community and its works as they are, to view them without cynicism and without illusion, is to be left in a very human mood, at once marveling and sad because of what man has made.

But enough about works; there is another word to our phrase—the word "public." These things we speak of have a special nature, and we must see somewhat closely what this implies. The word "public" can be taken to have two meanings in this context: what is done through common participation, and what is done with the common interest of the people in view. These two criteria are not invariably met. There are those who think that a great work dedicated to the enjoyment of the people is more safely and appropriately accomplished if it is the result of *private* benefactions.

Thus the cultural center proposed for Washington, D. C., is to be built on land contributed by the Congress out of its largesse; but for some reason the Congress thought it would be an offense against liberty, or against the Constitution and the nature of man, if it provided the funds for the construction. And so private individuals and foundations are being asked to raise the several scores of millions which the enterprise will cost. It seems a strange solution. A residue of Puritanism is undoubtedly at work. The officials concerned have perhaps figured that if the people are going to have pleasure at these cultural events they ought to be made to suffer a little. If they are going to watch the devil dance, they ought to pay the piper. But the people pay through their taxes anyway; and if there was ever a genuinely public cause, to be supported at least partially out of public funds, this na-

(*Continued on page 46*)

—*The Toledo Blade (Hamilton Wright).*

Proposed development of the city of Toledo from a model by Norman Bel Geddes.

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Manner of Speaking

A PUBLIC ANSWER: I have never been one to be bothered by a guilty conscience. My parents were not exactly Neapolitan, but they were of that general tribe, at least within the scope of its near dialects, and my central inheritance from them is the mercy of knowing I have invented none of my own faults. To that inheritance I have added the easy discovery that I can live with my faults in no visible distress. I confess that having once been exhorted by New England school teachers and Irish priests, I was at various earlier stages uneasy, bedeviled, and even tortured by the demons of impending character. Let it be put down as the joy of first causes that it was my parental inheritance that won out and that I grow easy in the decay of my character. Nothing, I will declare, goes further toward a man's liberation than the act of surviving his need for character.

Among the evidences of my liberation, I cite before all others my ability to toss mail into the wastebasket with no trace of a qualm. To be sure, I announced in my first column, over a year ago, that I would do exactly that. It may even be that I have not yet completely survived all traces of positive character and that my published disclaimer is really an uneasy effort at self-justification. Believe the worst of any man's character and you will be half right. At any rate, the incoming mail, gladly read, will continue to be chucked out gladly unanswered unless it provides cause for a public answer in this column. One such batch of mail I mean to answer right now.

I have received several letters to date on Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer," all of which take the tone that my defense of the book (*SR*, June 30) might be well enough for "sophisticated" readers but that I'd be singing a different song if I had adolescent children into whose hands the book might fall.

I haven't quite, to be sure. Myra is just ten, Jonnel is nine, and Benn is currently stringing along at seven and a half. Therefore, anyone who wants to upstage me with the argument that runs, "just you wait until you get to be as experienced in these things as I am," is free to enjoy his loutish day of crowing from that sagging fence post. Nevertheless I think I know my mind on this point and that the answer is clear and simple: *I don't care what they read at what age so long as they will discuss it with me.*

I am saying that the problem of exposing the young to the "debated" books is not a matter for legal action but for the parents. For heaven's sake stop being coy about the birds and the bees. I will have no child in my house that thinks he was found in a cabbage or a rose bud. When Benn was offered that queasy proposition by one of his playmates (he was then about age five), he looked up in what I took to be genuine puzzlement and even some admiration. "Gee," he said, "*I* came out of my Mummy's stomach." I half had the feeling that he was a little depressed about such ordinary and nonvegetable origins.

TO BE sure, I had given him that answer myself sometime earlier. He had wanted to know where he came from, as all kids do, and I had told him. The answer seemed to satisfy his curiosity and we went on to talking about other things. When he gets around to asking how he got into Mummy's stomach, he is going to get another straight answer. I happen to think he got into Mummy's stomach rather beautifully, and I will have no part in making a dark and shameful secret of it.

I find myself thinking at this point of some English novel, whose title I cannot remember, in which the Cockney women said of a male character who was having an affair with a local girl that "he was doing the dirty with 'er." A revolting idiom, but any person who thinks of sex as a shameful secret is at least part way to thinking in terms of doing the dirty. I'll not have it in my house, thank you. I prefer to accept what makes life and to have my house receive it openly. As noted, we are rather less troubled with overt character than most of the people we know, but I cannot see the weight of other people's characters as my burden to bear. It takes about all the attention I can summon just to stay alive and sentient without worrying about my lack of character or my neighbor's overdose of it.

Rudimentary sex education is not, of course, quite the same thing as permitting children to read salacious literature. I do not see "Tropic of Cancer" as salacious. I would agree that "Fanny Hill' is salacious. But I must also note that it is a sadly boring book. I don't happen to have a copy, but if I had and if one of the kids wanted to read it, I certainly would not stop him. I am satisfied that if the book made any real impression upon him, he (or she) would come around to talk it over with me. And in that case I am satisfied that we could manage something like a human conversation on the subject in which no fact of life need be blinked away and no psyche need be tied into hopeless erotic knots.

Not that adolescence is an easy age. My recollection is that adolescence was a kind of endless insanity and certainly complicated by the enormous head of sexual steam generated by an all but inexhaustible body.

Yet I must still believe that the problem lies with the parents. Like it or not, the neighborhood kids are going to supply one another with all sorts of twisted information about sex. I doubt that Henry Miller is going to tell them anything as distorted as they will bring home from the kids around the corner. Miller, moreover, has the merit on his side of being a valuable madman. Which is to say, crazy in a human rather than an inhuman way. Besides, he knows more than the kids do. What he writes involves a thoughtful and sensitive man's view of the world. His view is not exactly my view, but I share many of his attitudes toward the hypocrisy of our social pretensions. And whether I share his attitudes or not, they are, I will believe, attitudes I can discuss openly, seekingly, and sympathetically with any child of mine who has developed far enough to try to read Miller's book.

WHAT I think I see in the parent who is afraid to let his child read is the parent's failure. And I cannot believe that the failures of parents can be remedied by court action. A juvenile delinquent is the child of delinquent parents. A child who will become seriously disturbed by a sexy book, even by a piece of outright pornography (which "Tropic of Cancer" certainly is not), is the product of disturbed or incompetent parents. God knows, none of us will win medals at this parent business. But the problem does rest with us and nowhere else. The only way of treating the problem is to keep the lines of communication open. As I see it, it takes love to keep those lines open. It takes sympathy. It takes patience. And I cannot resist a sneaking belief that it all goes more easily if the relationship isn't smothered under too much overt character building. What I am hoping for from the kids, when they are mature enough to have achieved it, is no more than the mercies of their faulty characters upon my faulty character. By what they forgive me I shall love them best. By what I give them best of love they will learn to forgive me.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Newspapers and Hair Triggers

ONE OF the prime difficulties in the relationship between the Soviet Union and the United States is hardly ever identified or discussed. It is that the Soviet leaders do not know how to read American newspapers. The consequences have been, and will continue to be, serious for both countries.

Soviet officials have fixed notions about the nature and function of any communications medium, whether newspaper, radio, television, or magazine. They regard mass communication facilities as an integral part of government policy. This doesn't mean that they view every item of news or comment as a statement of official position. What it does mean is that *significant* news, in their view, is almost never separated from its government origins. This conditioning is so profound that even when there is a conscious attempt to recognize the entirely different nature of news gathering and presentation in the United States, the comprehension falls far short of the reality.

Almost every high Soviet official I met in Moscow, on visits in recent years, had on his desk news reports from the United States. These were mostly drawn from material appearing in American newspapers, generally from New York or Washington.

Not infrequently, the Soviet official would begin the discussion by reacting sharply to a U.S. newspaper item. On one occasion, the item, from a Washington newspaper, quoted an unnamed American general as saying that the United States should avoid coming to any agreements over disarmament. The Soviet official regarded this account as though it came right out of the White House. I pointed out the obvious: First, that a single general doesn't speak for the government; second, that he was unnamed; third, that the story was purely speculative; fourth, that it was published on the initiative of the reporter and the editor. The Soviet official listened politely, then said, in effect: "Yes, yes, I know all these things, but why does the United States want to make war on us?"

ALMOST every time American embassy people confer with Soviet officials, one question seems certain to be raised: Why do American newspapers say this or that? The Americans will attempt to explain or qualify in order that an erroneous judgment might be avoided. But it is extremely difficult to get across the idea that our newspapers are not an extension of government policy.

This inability of the Soviet leaders to know how to read American newspapers is more than a casual failing. It has specific effects—generally in a downward or hostile direction. Mr. Khrushchev is an inveterate ante-raiser. If we put twenty megatons on the table, he raises the ante to fifty. If we have fifteen nuclear explosions in a series, he counters with twenty. If an American newspaper says "on high authority" that our government is planning to talk tough at the Geneva disarmament negotiations, there is likely to be an instant reaction in the form of a harsh statement from the Soviet delegate—generally without benefit of confirmation that the original story did in fact represent the American position.

Sometimes just an American headline, not actually consonant with the story beneath it, can produce a reaction. Two weeks ago, The *New York Times* published a front-page story under the following headline:

PRESIDENT WARNS
SOVIET ON BERLIN;
CALLS IN DOBRYNIN

Two things seemed apparent from this headline. The first was that President Kennedy had hastily summoned the Soviet Ambassador for the purpose of issuing an ultimatum over Berlin. The second was that the President had made a public statement to this effect. A careful reading of the story itself, however, revealed that the ultimatum tone of the headlines was far stronger that the article itself. Moreover, the story was not based on any official announcement, but had come from an unnamed source inside the White House.

Obviously, the Soviet Ambassador, having been at the meeting in the White House, was in a position to report what had actually happened. Even so, the particular turn of the headline and the angle given the meeting by the "unnamed source" in the White House were no doubt studiously pondered on a multitude of Soviet desks. In the psychology of double-think, where direct statements or actions are often regarded as of lesser importance than hidden motives or underground information, the news story appearing in the *Times* may have taken on a significance out of all proportion to the fact.

We live at a time of total risk; the hair trigger has become the emblem of twentieth-century man. The techniques for expunging entire nations have been completely mastered. The only major remaining variable in the equation of life or death has to do with intent. Each side is now intensively scrutinizing the other for indications of basic plans and purpose. Miscalculations on this level could be wired right into the nuclear fuses. News stories dealing with motives of officialdom—especially when the stories are speculative or unattributed—can be potent factors in the machinery of decision-making. The fact that the Soviet leaders have an inadequate understanding of the workings of the American press, to say the least, is one of the grim realities that go with a world situation of total power without total response. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ONE AND MANY

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.'S "The One Against the Many" [*SR*, July 14] is superb. The author distinguishes very clearly between rectitude and intransigence in the realm of political thinking. I like particularly his treatment of Thomas Jefferson's inability to predict our nation's becoming a highly industrialized society instead of remaining an agrarian economy. Jefferson allowed a pet ideology to get in the way of his political acumen. This can happen —even to men of genius.

EDWARD TOMASIAN.
Capistrano Beach, Calif.

IF MR. SCHLESINGER'S THESIS IS correct, then in this "cold war for the hearts and *the minds of men*," we go weaponless. But he has allowed himself to become tangled in his definitions and thus has garbled his meaning.

An ideology is not necessarily a dogma. Nor is it necessarily a belief about reality. It can be, and in the instance under discussion is, a system of ideals. Thus the American ideology—pragmatism, republicanism, pluralism—is our expression of our ideals, of our goals, of what we believe is morally and ethically right.

Mr. Schlesinger's example of what he terms an ideology is Jefferson's belief in the "small freehold system." This was not an ideology, but the implementation of one. This was Jefferson's ideology translated into action appropriate for the time. Later the same (or a similar) ideology was translated by other Presidents into action appropriate for their particular circumstances.

CASEY BROWN,
Georgetown University,
School of Foreign Service.
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Schlesinger uses all the right words and phrases, such as "values," "economic and social challenges," "social and economic development," "successful modernization," "intellectual improvement of human beings," etc.—but he seems first to have carefully drained these words of all meaning.

Implicit in his assertions is the assumption that the United States has really gotten somewhere, in spite of his counterclaim that there really is nowhere to get —that change equals evolvement, and that the world is "evolving," but not in a specific direction, because, says he, there is no specific direction in which it could possibly go.

SYLVAN H. STEIN.
Pittsburgh, Penn.

THE POWER OF WOMEN

MORE AND MORE we hear "if we are to avoid nuclear catastrophe, if constructive rather than destructive efforts are to prevail, women will have to assume greater responsibility and leadership." Even in the recent conference "Toward a Science and a Program for Human Survival" held by the Congress of Scientists on Survival, many eminents expressed belief that women might provide the answer.

One of these men, Dr. Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, repeats the hope [*SR*, July 7] which he expressed when he addressed that New York meeting. In the same issue, Norman Cousins gives us his vote of confidence as he differs with an Austrian journalist's appraisal of American women's interests.

While hoping that soon women, en masse, will accept and discharge their responsibilities in the matter of survival of the species (which up until now they have apparently not seen as clearly as have the men), I believe our Austrian observer has several points on his side. A style show, investment lecture, flower arrangement talk, or garden gala at three to fifty dollars a ticket will draw capacity crowds of "girls," but a petition (you don't even have to buy a pen—use mine) for nonresumption of atmospheric nuclear testing meets with a response which might be expected if the document recommended abolition of lipstick.

A year and a half ago a request made to the largest women's club in this city of Cleveland that they lead in arousing women to the urgent need for their involvement in the vital issues of disarmament and peace went unanswered.

Nationally, the largest, best-known women voters' organization has not dealt directly with these matters or that of testing.

No national women's club, sorority, or auxiliary has seized the issue of survival around which to rally the women of this and other countries.

According to statisticians, we women in the United States control the money, outnumber the men, and have the potential to outvote them. These facts bear irrefutable witness to women's responsibility and obligation to implement their power. Creation and prservation are women's most important business.

KATHARINE K. MARSHALL.
President, Voice of
Women, USA.
Cleveland Heights, O.

"You see? You won't even agree that you're disagreeable."

SPORTS OR INTELLECT?

I WOULD LIKE to reply to teen-ager Mayo Spear, who added [*SR*, June 30] some interesting comments to Cowley's article "The Unsettled Literary Future of the U.S." [*SR*, June 9].

Apparently this young intellectual (how I thirsted to find a few in the high school where I taught for three years!) deplores the fact that there are no discussion groups, no real climate for exploring philosophy, etc. I wish I knew where these intellectual youngsters are, in sufficient numbers, that is, who will take time out from evening basketball or football games to sink their teeth into a real discussion.

Last fall, after a very successful classroom discussion of "Hamlet" in my senior English literature class (being taught by a student teacher at the time), some of the students who took part wanted to continue a discussion group of other Shakespeare plays. When the student teacher, a mature man in his forties and an avid student of English literature, offered to meet with such a group every Friday evening if they so desired, the boy and girl who were the most nearly "intellectual" of the group immediately recalled that there were football games almost every Friday, but that they would be happy to have the meeting that week

(*Continued on page 46*)

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Movies by Metronome

FILM can play curious tricks with time, and time can also play curious tricks on film. It is the latter that happens to Agnes Varda's "Cleo from 5 to 7," which, untrue to the title, follows from 5:00 P.M. to 6:30 P.M. a beautiful young woman who is faced with the strong possibility that she has an incurable cancer. Miss Varda, who directed from her own script, presents the young woman's reactions to her fears and forebodings over an actual ninety-minute time span. Although there is no clock ticking off the seconds, the movie avoids the conventional arrangement of dramatic time, no leaps forward or backward, no change of scene that would not be literally possible for the heroine (played by Corinne Marchand). But perhaps it would be fairer to allow Miss Varda to explain her intentions.

"The duration," she states, "is real (the camera does not leave Cleo for the entire time of the film); her little journeys are also real (a spectator could at leisure retrace Cleo's steps and find on his route, in real places, what she saw)." Miss Varda goes on to say that, although ideally, the filming should also have taken ninety minutes, it required two months, and "we filmed it in order and with a chronometer." Obviously faced with something of a paradox here, Miss Varda comes up with phrases like "orchestration in two simultaneous tempos" and "equal value given to violin and metronome."

The French critics, some years ago, drafted Miss Varda as one of the charter members of the New Wave, principally because of her unusual short films, among them "L'Opera Moffe," a somewhat surreal half hour spent with a pregnant Parisian woman wandering through her quarter of the city. Unfortunately, in Miss Varda's first feature-length film, the metronome is more prominent than the violin, for the film's chief interest lies in the use of a device that gives a form to Cleo's rather abstracted ninety minutes. Flashed on the screen is: "Chapter Three, Cleo from 5:12 to 5:17." Five minutes later to the dot, we see superimposed on the screen: "Chapter Four: Cleo from 5:17 to 5:21."

This division of the story's progression into "chapters" soon seems as arbitrary as the choice of the method itself, since it is difficult to find any particular reason for assigning five minutes to one "chapter," or four to another. The girl visits a fortune teller who confirms her fears; she drinks coffee to steady her nerves; buys a silly hat; returns to her apartment; spends a few minutes with a lover who rushes in, pays his respects, and rushes out; auditions some songs (she is a popular singer); visits a friend who is modeling in the nude; takes taxis; wanders in the Bois de Boulogne; and meets a stranger, who talks to her of botany and who, strangely, heartens her.

I'm inclined to suspect that Miss Varda is more eloquent as a film theorist than as a film writer and director, for the fact must be faced that Cleo, while pretty, is a dull girl, her reactions more vacant than troubled, her perceptions commonplace. Much is made of her being haunted by death while in the full bloom of magnificent and desirable health, but this irony is blunted by the heroine's obvious inability to find anything important in her existence. She does not love strongly, for instance; neither does she feel strongly.

The trick played by time is that Cleo's ninety minutes seem much longer than that for the audience. It is with surprise that one glances at one's watch and finds that, really, only four minutes have gone by. As soon as one becomes conscious of time it has a way of lengthening. Miss Varda's method is not satisfactory, mainly because here it provides a diluted rather than an intensified experience. Further, it can easily occur to us (at least it did to me) that no matter how real the backgrounds, how grainy and grimy the photography, this is not a real Cleo we are seeing, but a creature of a film author's invention and imagination. If a documentary quality is being employed, its use (in the fictional film) should provide a greater conviction, and, where Cleo is concerned, a closer intimacy.

But this doesn't happen, for Miss Varda has failed to tell or show us very much about Cleo, nor has she made it clear why we should be so intensely interested in her. It may be that this talented young director's pursuit of originality, her attempt to convey a more luminous reality, has led her to neglect her story. This hardly means that she ought to abandon her experimentation and rely on established film conventions; it merely means that she hasn't brought off what she has tried in this first large film attempt. Her idea is intriguing, a good deal more so than what she has made from it.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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TV AND RADIO

Lost in the Sausage Factories

VIEWERS unhappy over the themes and the quality of writing in television entertainment programs may find some comfort in knowing the television writer is generally unhappy about them, too. No less a spokesman than Erik Barnouw, former National Chairman of the Writers Guild of America (screen, television, radio) diagnoses the pathology of his craft in his new short and lucid book, "The Television Writer," (Hill and Wang, $3.95.)

Although Mr. Barnouw has written an unusual textbook, of interest to both the inquiring novice and the practitioner, the how-to-do-it section of the book wisely does not attempt to teach anyone to write for television. What the author does is comment briefly on fifty-three excerpts from television scripts. These excerpts illustrate generalities of technique and practice, and Mr. Barnouw's annotations reflect the experience of thirty years of teaching s well as of distinguished writing for dio, TV, and film. (He is presently in charge of television and film courses for Columbia University's Program in the Arts.) In another, shorter section of the book is a guide to the business rules of the television-writing game, as embodied in basic minimum agreements between the Writers Guild and employers in the television industry.

The most important section, however, is a forty-four-page essay, "The World of the Television Writer." The author begins with it, and it is probably his chief reason for writing the book. It counsels the young writer to become a leader in shaping his working environment, to understand the web of conflicting economic interests in the industry, to consider alternatives to the status quo in broadcasting, and to speak up in public discussions about them.

Mr. Barnouw looks at the six kinds of employers of television writers—station, network, advertising agency, syndicate, independent producer, and public-service agency—and sees the capacities of all of them restricted by the relatively small number of giant dvertisers. The dominating policy in e industry is "happy programs for happy people." The climate is excellent for making money, but it breeds a tragic waste and misuse of a writer's talent. Writers who can leave the medium do: those who cannot go to the "Hollywood sausage factories," as one writer has called them, and write formula or nothing.

Mr. Barnouw's suggested therapy (he does not expect all writers to agree but invites discussion) is the so-called "magazine concept," whereby sponsors will merely buy spot commercial time from the networks and have no identification with programs. He does not note that the big advertisers reject this proposal; so do the networks. In the United Kingdom the recent, controversial Pilkington report states that advertiser isolation, which is the rule for the British commercial television channel, fails to accomplish "the purposes of broadcasting." Even if we, in this country, were in some manner to adopt "the magazine concept," there is room for doubt that it would work here either.

Networks make most of their profits on their locally owned stations. These stations make most of their profits from local advertisers during nonoption time periods when network programs are not transmitted. Yet the rates the local stations can charge depend on how large an audience is attracted to the station by the big network programs. Even if the networks were actually, as they claim to be, "masters in their own houses," free of advertiser influence, their stake in mass circulation figures would be as great as it is now.

Mr. Barnouw gives the newcomer a clear picture of "the industralization of the writer" in television, and it is true to life. The sad irony of his message is that he and many of his colleagues led the first Writers Guild struggles for collective bargaining in the industry. They won higher wages and better working conditions, but at the price of becoming "employees" under the labor laws. This meant sacrificing creative control of their work.

Mr. Barnouw seems to feel the labor law can do no more for the television writer. In the next phase of the struggle, he suggests, the writer must regard the present state of the art as a "temporary distortion" of the American system of broadcasting; he must lead the search, inside the industry and in the public arena, for alternatives that will realize for the public, the industry, and the writer the unexplored potential of television. Each generation must fight its own and not its predecessor's battle.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

EPOCHAL EPICS

Here are the titles of a dozen heroic poems, great classics in world literature, chosen by Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, who asks you to join them properly with their authors (second column) and with brief descriptions of contents (third column). Answers on page 47.

1. "Aeneid"	( ) Anon., 12th c.	( ) Biblical history
2. "Africa"	( ) Ariosto	( ) Cortez's expedition to Mexico
3. "Conquistador"	( ) Luis de Camoens	( ) Crusades
4. "Davideis"	( ) Abraham Cowley	( ) Fall of man
5. "Dunciad"	( ) Homer	( ) Founding of Rome
6. "Franciade"	( ) Archibald MacLeish	( ) History of the Franks
7. "Iliad"	( ) John Milton	( ) Portuguese explorations and conquests
8. "Jerusalem Delivered"	( ) Petrarch	( ) Reign of Dulness and dull poets
9. "Lusiads"	( ) Alexander Pope	( ) Roland in love with Angelica
10. "Orlando Furioso"	( ) Pierre de Ronsard	( ) Scipio and Elder
11. "Paradise Lost"	( ) Torquato Tasso	( ) Trojan War
12. "Poema del Cid"	( ) Virgil	( ) Wars between Spain and the Moors

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Jazz Is a Summer Festival

Dancers at Newport—left to right, Baby Lawrence, Pete Nugent, Honi Coles, Charlie Atkins, and Bunny Briggs, accompanied by pianist Bill Rubinstein and bassist Jim Neves.

By STANLEY DANCE

BECAUSE nightclub business is generally in the doldrums, the summer festivals now have much greater significance to the jazz community than before. Always recognized as a means of securing extensive additional publicity for the music and its makers, this year they have come almost to represent succor and salvation.

A major fault of most festivals in the past was the policy of commercial giganticism, requiring mass audiences and massed entertainment. In big fields and arenas, the performers were whisked on and off stage—all playing and plugging their record hits—as though on a conveyor belt. The audience presumably was expected to be satisfied as much by the sight of the artists as by their sound.

This policy has not yet been discarded, but artistic aspirations, to judge by the festivals in Washington and Newport this summer, are increasingly raising their pretty heads, and with more vigor.

The Washington jazz festival was the first of its kind held there, and a great many of the shortcomings were clearly due to inexperience. The main events, for example, were presented in the Coliseum, a sports arena with appalling acoustics, an inadequate sound system, and no air conditioning, so that the sale of beer and soda often appeared to be the chief reason for luring several thousand perspiring people within it.

In Constitution Hall there was a return to the pretensions of Paul Whiteman's day, and jazz and the symphony sat side by side as uneasily as ever. Jazz came thoroughly into its own only when Duke Ellington's fifteen-piece band played his "Night Creature" and dominated, however unintentionally, the symphony's seventy-odd musicians. Of the works specially commissioned for the festival, a high proportion seemed, oddly enough, to require the use of the symphony's strings.

A combination of modern jazz and modern ballet, presented in Howard University's acoustically excellent Cramton Hall, was a more rewarding experiment, although here again the introduction of tap-dancer Baby Lawrence unwittingly served as a reminder of the extent to which basic jazz values were being deserted. Probably the most valuable innovation of the whole festival was a concert by small jazz combinations in the same relatively intimate hall. An exhibition of jazz memorabilia in the Smithsonian and daily showings of jazz films in the National Gallery were also small but welcome steps away from giganticism, while the use of the Eureka Brass Band from New Orleans as a curtain raiser to two of the more arduous endurance tests happily drew attention to the origins of jazz.

At Newport, the emphasis was more directly on essentials. George Wein was back in charge, and besides having greater experience in running jazz festivals than anyone else in the world, he also happens to enjoy nothing so much as playing jazz himself. The group with which he appeared was, in fact, one of the few to go overtime, the others adhering to the schedule in a fashion previously unknown.

WEIN'S conception of programming was intelligent and satisfying. There were three evening concerts and one in the afternoon, two entertaining panel discussions, and a marvelous afternoon performance illustrating the relationship of jazz and dancing. Instead of ballet dancers there were, most appropriately, five of the best surviving tap-dancers. The enthusiastic crowd which applauded them seemed to be of one mind that their art should not be allowed to die.

Gospel singers, who are usually reluctant to admit any connection with jazz, had been heavily featured at Washington, but Wein more knowingly brought in only Clara Ward's group. Blues singers, however, were neglected at both festivals. At the first, Howlin' Wolf was allowed so little time that he didn't play his guitar at all, and at Newport the responsibility fell mainly on the broad shoulders of Jimmy Rushing. In view of the wide appreciation of country blues today, this might be said to be the one point at which the Newport director's approach was off balance.

For the rest, every currently popu-

(*Continued on page 47*)

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

There's a Great Day Coming Tomorrow

SINCE it is written into the charter of this department to dispense news of fairs, expositions, and major medicine shows, I buzzed into Seattle the other week end to have a look at the celebrated circus underway up there. Ever since I cruised around the Seattle waterways some three years ago, and listened to the ambitious plans being outlined by a local posse of superenergized executives, I have nursed a warm feeling about the élan being exuded at the base of Mount Rainier, and I have exulted in the successive triumphs which came Seattle's way—its ordination as a proper site for a world's fair, its selection as the proper place for an $11 million science exhibit by the U.S. government, and its great success in attracting representation from foreign nations whose authorities were required, I am sure, to look up Seattle on the map before coming themselves.

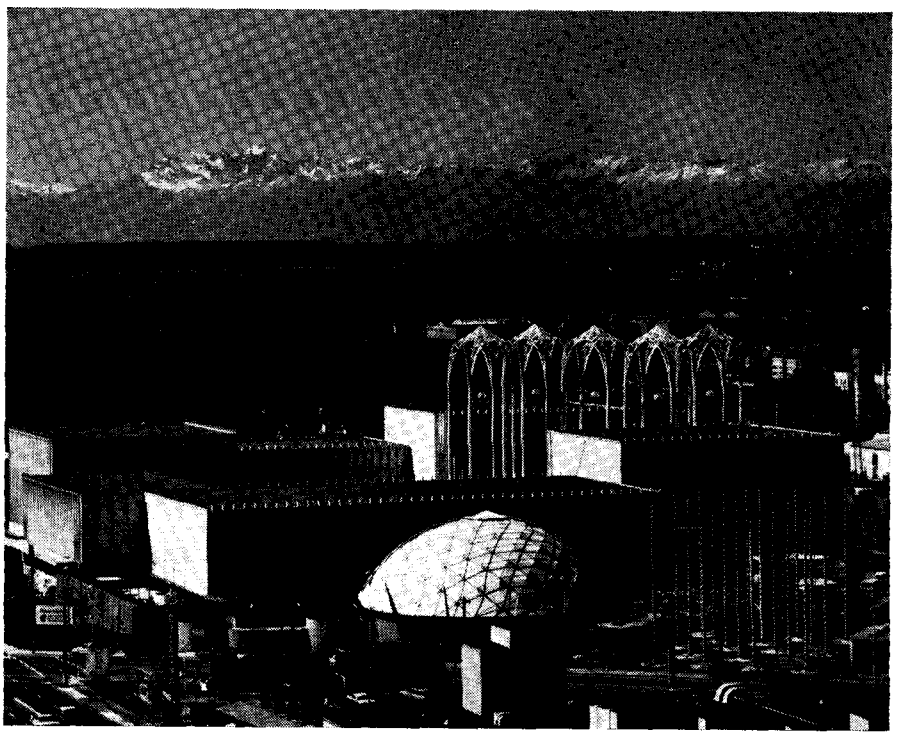
It has been such an ambitious program for such an obscurely placed city, that there welled in onlookers the same sort of feeling inspired in some hearts when the old Dodgers faced the old Yanks and Finland stood up against all the Russias. The pose was made only too clear when New York announced its own intentions for a fair and Mr. Robert Moses, who is its chief proponent, began to tolerate the Seattle affair as if it were some distracting but disdained minor revolution in the hills.

I wasn't conscious, when I stopped here in February to view the progress, that Seattle felt it had an underdog's part to play, nor worse yet, that it had to milk it for all the pathos possible. No chests were inflated over the successes; no stones were cast in the direction of the meadows at Flushing where Mr. Moses's moles were already at work. Everybody was too busy for that. Indeed, the fair people were so busy that the fears and wonders of the early visitors were almost totally sidelined through sheer preoccupation with industry. One afternoon while we were both encased in hard hats, the construction workers' headgear, Mr. John Graham, whose firm built the Space Needle, invited me to ride with him in the first of the elevators, one that had just been installed. "You don't want to ride in the construction elevator," he said. "Of course not," I agreed and stepped with him onto a wooden platform equipped with a pair of upright beams and a piece of beaverboard at the back. The operator tied a frayed rope on a bent nail to enclose the front, and before I could shriek in protest we were soaring sixty stories skyward. It was by far the most memorable ride at the fair, and when I returned this time to see the exposition in full flower and to walk the Gayway, I laughed scornfully at all the rides that the local torturers had managed to devise to induce the pleasure and vertigo of the fairgoers.

When I looked in at the fair grounds last February, two months before it was to be opened to the public, I was stopping off at the tail end of a round-the-world flight. This time I slipped down from Canada, running the distance from Victoria to Seattle in Trans-Canada's Viscount, in about half an hour. I must say that the inquisition by U.S. Customs at the Seattle airport was far more intense than it had been at Honolulu when I was coming home after a month of stops at a dozen ports of call in the Far East. How this attitude is helping our "Visit the USA" program I'm sure I don't know, but it's a question that someone might put to the collector of customs at Seattle.

I had heard, back in Manhattan, that tower of truth, that the fair was hurting for customers, and also that it was impossible to find a room. After half an hour in town neither theory seemed to hold up. At a motel a few yards from the airport, the customers were few, and only a handful of youngsters were on hand to gambol in the pool. My first choice in accommodations was honored—a stateroom abroad the S.S. *Acapulco*, a Mexican ship of the Natumex Line that is berthed for the summer five blocks from the fair grounds. The *Acapulco*, which can take 610 fairgoers (or 610 passengers) and has 250 cabins, may not be the largest ship in the sea lanes, but it does, it insists, have the largest lido deck afloat. The night I pulled in, it was ablaze with lights and lanterns, a buffet was spread in the open air, a band played for dancing, and nobody, not even a visiting New Frontiersman, had been thrown into any one of the three swimming pools.

The fair, it turned out, was not wanting for customers any more than was the S.S. *Acapulco*. It has been registering anywhere from 40,000 to 70,000 people a day, which is about double its estimate. Long lines snake from the entrances to the most popular exhibits. These have proven to be those whose themes embrace the twenty-first century, among them the Space Needle, the U.S. Science Exhibit, Ford's display, and the State of Washington's World of Tomorrow. The architects who turned in such brilliant visual of-



The Seattle Fair—"Gothic arches" and "a child's imagination."

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ferings were, however, caught in rather serious functional miscalculations. In one exhibit people were obliged to walk two abreast through a passageway that was averaging 45,000 passers-by each day. Fairgoers who were determined to see the favored attractions would be hard put, at the speed at which the lines moved, to see more than two a day. Each day at the fair costs each person two dollars. For those who wanted to leave the group during the day, the fair devised a system of hand stamps that could be viewed only under ultraviolet light, a device long in use at the race tracks. Many scientific minds worked at the system, which was broken in a few weeks by a twelve-year-old boy. He paid his admission, then got his hand stamped at one gate and left at another. While his hand was still wet he pressed it against that of a friend; then both went to a third gate, submitted their hands to the ray, and passed through, two for the price of one.

THERE can be no doubt that the science display built by the United States is installed in splendid quarters. The entranceway, through Gothic arches, over walkways threaded through lagoons, makes it the most imposing exhibit building at the fair. Its centerpiece, the Spacearium is presented jointly by Boeing Aircraft and the U.S. government. Here the visitors assemble in a sort of planetarium. The architects thought viewers would stand and hold the rails, but the day I was there the entire audience began to sit down as soon as it entered. Their feet and their backs were tired and they didn't care if the views of the make-believe cosmos they were about to see were marred by the rails they were supposed to be gripping.

When the doors were closed in the Spacearium, the lights went out and eerie music flowed through the hall. "This is Space Central Control," a voice said. "Lift-off will be in one minute. We people on earth on quiet nights have often turned our thoughts to the heavens. This trip is still possible only in our imaginations. . . . It is T minus five seconds. . . ." It was a pattern of play one would hear many times.

There were machines to track satellites, a place where you could let a cosmic ray pass through your body, and a box where anyone so inclined could bend a light ray or gawk at an electric fish. One could also contemplate the effects of alcohol on mice and men. Mice that had been brought up on alcohol had hit the booze tap 3,167 times the day I was there, while making only 1,748 trips to the water well. They needed the water most after a night of hard drinking. Mice brought up on water and later introduced to alcohol went to the water feeder 706 times, but visited the alcohol pump only 27 times. I'm not sure I understand what lesson is supposed to be learned from this display other than don't let your kids taste alcohol before they taste water, but it certainly held the attention of a large and interested audience. In sum I found the science exhibit rather over my head, and I'm not sure I left the handsome complex with a more genial impression about science than I had when I went in. I was pretty much in awe of it when I first entered the gates of Seattle, and I would gladly let my daughter marry a scientist. If, on the other hand, the exhibit leads one young brain toward the ultimate discovery of one aid to mankind—a Telstar that automatically jams scenes of TV violence, for instance—then the $11 million cannot be considered a total loss.

The purists perhaps call it science fiction, but Ford's Space Flight 21 stands a better chance, it seemed to me, of setting loose a child's imagination. Visitors become passengers in a giant ninety-six seat space craft complete with hostess. The lights dim, the captain's voice comes in on the intercom for the usual blast-off. There then follows a series of adventures in space. After the lift-off the captain opens the port viewing hatch, and the whole planetary system comes into sight. We get a last look at the earth, a first look at Mars, then Saturn, Jupiter, and the Moon. We pass Vanguard One, then the Echo Satellite, which has been bouncing radio and television signals ever since August of 1960. At one critical juncture the viewing hatch has to be closed to protect the spaceship's skin against meteorites.

From inside the spaceship, which certainly was the most workable Ford I ever knew, the action went like this:

Echo approaches and passes overhead.

CAPTAIN'S VOICE: If you look to the rear you'll get a close-up view of Echo moving across the evening sky. It's more than ten stories high . . . and its skin is half as thick as the cellophane on a cigarette package. . . . Following Echo's lead a system of communication satellites will soon make possible live television from any point on earth and, some say, 25-cent phone calls to Paris . . . why as a matter of fact. . . .

VOICE INTERRUPTS: Captain, Radar reports meteorite cloud—a big one at 83 degrees.

CAPTAIN: Ladies and gentlemen, there's no cause for alarm . . . we just don't want to risk a cabin puncture through the viewing hatch. . . .

ENGINEER: Enginer to captain . . we're okay—no punctures . . . all systems in "go" condition, just caught a few little ones. . . ."

Later the "visiscreen," whatever that is, is turned on, and there is a view of Canaveral just as the Cape is ready to launch a moon shot. There is a small commercial telling how Ford Aeronutronic designed and built the retro-rocket and the payload. I recall thinking, there in the blackness, that for the sake of the spacemen involved, I hope it works better than the top of my convertible which was built under the same general auspices.

A long line of people winds out from the Washington State Coliseum, home of the Bubblator and the World of Tomorrow, despite the general undercurrent of rumor that the bubble, and tomorrow's world, for that matter, is something of a bust. The bubble is, in fact, a glass elevator shaped like a ball. It takes a hundred people each trip to a suspended collection of four-foot interlocked aluminum cubes. Pictures of the world of tomorrow are flashed on the faces of the cubes as a narrator gushes Susskindian prose in a manner remindful of those radio p' produced in the Forties by Norm... Corwin.

RETURNING to the scene of my own, preopening day moon shot, I visited the Space Needle and found its elevators much more sophisticated than they had been back in February. At the Eye of the Needle, the revolving restaurant perched in the crown of the tower, I was startled by hostesses in slithery metallic suits which are presumably what the ladies wear in spacemen's heaven. Workmen with acetylene torches had been hanging from steel crossbeams where I now lunched in splendor. Waitresses were bringing $1.50 martinis and $2.50 corned beef sandwiches, and everyone had to agree to eat at least $2 worth. It was real easy.

Some drinks are served in a giant globe on a circular doily that shows the direction of Mt. Baker, 145 miles away; Mt. Rainier, 14,410 feet high; and West Seattle, where the first settlers arrived in 1851 to found the city. Back in February in the clear winter air, many of the sights were on view, and Mt. Rainier was an unforgettable vision floating there in the l... with only its snowy peak showing. The day I lunched on the Space Needle, however, proved to be heavily overcast, and about all I could see was the

(*Continued on page* 34)

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Windward on a Sea of Indecision

By GRANVILLE HICKS

THE ESSAYS in "**Rocking the Boat**" (Little, Brown, $5) remind us that Gore Vidal, though well under forty, has had a richly varied career. He has published nine volumes of fiction, written two successful plays and many television scripts, had a hand in a number of motion pictures. He has also been a theatre reviewer, a book reviewer, and a political journalist. And he ran for Congress in 1960 as a Democrat, and did uncommonly well in a strongly Republican district.

Born in 1925, he spent his childhood in Washington, much of the time in the home of his maternal grandfather, T. P. Gore, the blind Senator from Oklahoma, about whom Vidal once wrote a television show. He frequently visited the Virginia home of his stepfather, Hugh D. Auchincloss, who is also the stepfather of Mrs. John F. Kennedy. After graduating from Exeter Academy in 1943 Vidal enlisted in the Army, and during his period of service wrote his first novel, "Williwaw," which was published in 1946. After that the novels came along at a lively rate, and in the early Fifties Vidal was commonly spoken of as one of the promising postwar writers.

But then, as he blandly records in one of his essays, decline set in: his books weren't making money and they weren't adding much to his reputation. Suddenly, in 1953, he "realized in a moment of revelation that the novel as a popular art form had come to a full halt." He published another novel, "Messiah," not one of his best, in 1954, and quit. Within the next two years, as he reported in 1956, he had written nearly twenty TV plays, and at the time he made his report he thought well of the future of television. Disillusionment was not long in coming, but he moved to the theatre with an adaptation of a television play, "Visit to a Small Planet," which he followed with "The Best Man." He also began writing essays and reviews, chiefly for *The Reporter* and *Esquire*.

"Rocking the Boat," then, which is made up mostly of essays written in the last two or three years (although there are some earlier pieces), exhibits him in a moment of indecision. He has proved himself a success in the field of mass entertainment and presumably does not have to worry much about

THE AUTHOR: Spending an hour in the company of Gore Vidal is like feeding straight lines to an authentic wit who writes his own material. Vidal is an enormously talented young man who disdains ivory tower attitudes and offers positive views on every significant aspect of life around him. Well-read, well-informed, his conversation glitters with *mots justes* and barbs in about equal parts.

He had come to New York from his country home on the banks of the Hudson near Rhinebeck, N.Y. (Among his neighbors are other "literate peasants" like Saul Bellow, Richard Rovere, F. W. Dupee.) He was wearing characteristic peasant garb: a well-cut, dark gray suit, with a striped, button-down shirt and sober tie.

I opened with a question about his most recent play, "Romulus," which folded on Broadway after two months. "The notices were good, and we could have run a year if our overhead had been lower," he replied. "The cost of doing a play on Broadway has become staggering. Something will have to give, probably from the outside, and cause the whole theatre to crash, after which we can start all over again."

Yet he has no intention of giving up the theatre. "I am interested only in the audience, not in the art of the theatre. I am concerned with the quality of the audience and with influencing it, and if this requires me to write verse or the theatre of the absurd, I'll do so."

This was encouraging, but better news was to follow when we came to discussing Vidal's fiction. Although he began as a novelist, in recent years he has written chiefly criticism. He is now embarked, however, on a novel of politics, set in Washington, D.C., which shows promise of becoming his major work in this form. The period treated will be 1937 to 1950, and the book will probably take another year to finish. Vidal would add only that, although the story will be traditional in form, it will be sharply satirical in character.

Vidal is also working on a life of the fourth-century Roman emperor known to history as Julian the Apostate. Some fifty pages were written in 1959, but were put aside for the play "The Best Man." The book will be resumed as soon as Vidal can "get back inside Julian's skin." In the meantime, interested readers may see the results to date in a new Signet paperback, "Three by Vidal."

They will also discover something else in this paperback. One of the early Vidal novels, "Williwaw," has been rewritten. Vidal explains it thus: "I'm nearly forty, and I thought it time to do my best for the work I want to keep. I have written eight novels, most of them in a hurry when I was broke and living off the advances I received. I chose the four I liked best and rewrote them—not in the Jamesian sense, but improving the prose, tightening the narrative, and polishing, without altering intention. Call it artistic conscience, if you like, but I preferred doing it now rather than at seventy."

And politics? "I almost made it into Congress in 1960, although I ran as a Democrat in a traditionally Republican district. In fact, I finished well ahead of Kennedy. When I told the President that I would probably have been elected had I come out for Nixon, he replied: 'I'm not touched.'"

Vidal smiled at the recollection. "I'm thinking of running again next November, but I won't make up my mind till September. If I do run again, I won't work so hard, and I'll try to make my campaign a funny one. Since our Congressman hasn't done anything anyway, I think I'll follow suit. It might get me elected."

Vidal was devastating on the subject of novelists whose partiality for "typing" had produced the mammoth novels of the past season. "They're ruining the novel with their looseness, irrelevance, and sheer prolixity. What they turn out is not so much fiction as verbal packaging. They forget that the art of the novel requires appositeness—the knowledge of what to leave out as well as what to put in."

—JOHN BARKHAM.

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money. On the other hand, he has a foothold, only normally precarious, in the highbrow world. More than most writers in our day, more than most people, he has a choice of futures.

As the book indicates, he can, if he wants it, have a future as a commentator on literature or politics or both. He has ideas and he has wit. He knows the pleasures of feeling superior, but he also recognizes the duty of being interesting. As a political essayist he rocks the boat, but not so boisterously that it is likely to capsize. He interprets President Kennedy for the British and Barry Goldwater for the readers of *Life*. He delivers a stout attack on the House Un-American Affairs Committee. He refers frequently to former President Eisenhower as the "Great Golfer." In general, although he relishes a good wisecrack, he is neither a smart aleck nor a cynic, but argues conscientiously for the importance of thoughtful political action. One feels that, if Gore Vidal had been elected to Congress, he would have done a better than average job.

On the theatre he is knowing but not altogether at ease, presumably because he does not quite like to show his disrespect for a medium in which he has done so well. His star piece, called "Love Love Love," interprets the current emphasis on that emotion as a flight from rationalism. He has some wise comments on O'Neill and Shaw, and he talks authoritatively about what he calls "the Commercialities." By and large, however, he is better on books than on plays. There is a rather personal sort of essay on Norman Mailer, who of course invites and even demands the personal approach. There is an essentially unfair but amusing review of Robert Penn Warren's "Band of Angels," in the form of a talk delivered by a member in good standing to a women's literary club. Vidal discusses John Dos Passos and Carson McCullers; he takes on Orville Prescott and Ayn Rand, readily demolishing the former and not demolishing the lat[illegible] who needs to be demolished.

One of the recurrent themes is the great discovery, already alluded to, that the novel is finished as a popular art form. "After some 300 years," Vidal wrote in the New York *Times* in 1956, "the novel in English has lost the general reader (or rather the general reader has lost the novel)." This was not, he went on to explain, the fault of the novelists: "I doubt if there have ever been so many interesting and excellent writers as there are now working." A year later, speaking of himself and his promising contemporaries, he observed, "It is a fact that the novel as a popular art form retrogressed badly in our reign. Not clever enough to interest the better critics or simple enough to divert the public, we lost the critics to pure criticism and the public to impure television."

WHAT this thesis fails to take into account is the complex history of the novel. (Three hundred years, by the way, is a generous estimate: "Robinson Crusoe" was published in 1719, and "Pamela" didn't appear until 1740.) "Interesting and excellent writers" have sometimes had a large following, often they haven't. Think of Melville and James, to say nothing of Joyce and Lawrence. And some novelists today, good, bad, and indifferent—more often, to be sure, bad than good or even indifferent—are doing all right, as a study of the best-seller lists will show. Most of the novelists Vidal admires are plugging along, hoping, no doubt, that the next book will be a best-seller but undismayed when it isn't. Why, then, did Vidal abandon the novel in 1953?

To answer this question decisively would require a kind of analysis for which I have no data; but there is another question that is worth raising and might even serve as the theme for a television script: "What Should Gore Vidal Do Now?" Should he go on with the theatre or go back to television? Should he abandon writing altogether and devote himself to politics? Should he live in idleness on his presumably ample profits? Should he continue as a journalist? Or should he return to the writing of novels and try to do a little better than he has done before without worrying too much about the mass audience? My arrangement of questions will no doubt suggest [illegible] idea of a happy ending. Basically, however, my purpose is simply to indicate the range of choices open to him. It may not prove to be a blessing, but I hope it will.

SELF-DETACHMENT: Paul Cézanne who painted most of his portraits as though they were still-lifes (he urged his female models to try to look like apples), was equally detached when portraying himself, as he frequently did when he was unable to afford a professional sitter. The pictures here, representing (clockwise) the artist at the ages of twenty, forty, and sixty, are from **"Cézanne: A Pictorial Biography"** (Viking, $5.95), by Jean de Beucken, who was intimately acquainted with both his subject's family and the painter's beloved Provençal countryside.

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BOOK IN THE NEWS

Land of the Lunda and Baluba

"Rebels, Mercenaries, and Dividends: The Katanga Story," by Smith Hempstone *(Praeger. 250 pp. $4.95), scores the United Nations for trying to end the secession led by Moise Tshombe. Former African affairs editor and U.N. bureau chief for Newsweek, Robert K. Massie is now an associate editor of USA*1 magazine.*

By ROBERT K. MASSIE

SOME hot American tempers boiled over last fall during the two short battles of Katanga when U.N. troops tried to smoke out the secessionist regime of President Moise Tshombe. Some who previously had supported the United Nations as an apparatus for peace-keeping howled for Tshombe's destruction, the sooner the better. Others, announcing that Tshombe was the last, best hope against Communism in Africa, invited him to appear on a platform in Madison Square Garden with Senator Barry Goldwater, Major General Edwin Walker, and John Wayne. As familiar battle lines started to form in the U.S. press and editorial barrages began, the complicated truth about Katanga and the Congo pretty much got lost.

For that reason it was good news this spring that Smith Hempstone, African correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News*, was writing a book about Katanga. Hempstone has been in Africa for more than four years; his recent book, "Africa: Angry Young Giant," was packed with good reporting and good sense about Africa. He knows Tshombe, covered both wars in Katanga, and, as he adds unnecessarily, "I do not belong to the American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters, am not a member of the John Birch Society, am not in the pay of the Katangan government or the *Union Minière*." Thus accredited, Hempstone should have been in a position to write a fair, balanced account of the nasty episode and its looming international implications. Unfortunately Hempstone is still boiling mad.

He believes that the U.N. was "legally and morally right" to enter the Congo two summers ago to restore order amidst the violence that followed independence. But he does not think that the U.N. has any business trying to end the secession that Moise Tshombe pulled off in the middle of that violence. As Hempstone sees it, the United Nations is now dominated by Afro-Asian powers who, by formula, regard Tshombe as a stooge of Belgian "neo-colonialism." These nations support the Leopoldville Central Government's policy of ending Katanga's secession "by force, if necessary." By their strength in the U.N. they are using the international body to carry out this policy. The United States, he charges, has gone along with this U.N. Katanga policy because it wants to keep on the good side of this large bloc of Afro-Asian powers. He quotes an unnamed "high State Department official" as saying, "We just feel that America should be in the mainstream on questions such as this." In this way the U.N. transformed itself into a punitive monster which twice attacked Tshombe, bombed hospitals and ambulances, and killed innocent men, women, and children.

Hempstone thinks that in the long run Tshombe will win his fight. Already deeply in the red, the U.N. cannot indefinitely maintain a military expeditionary force in the Congo. Once the U.N. withdraws, says Hempstone, then "as surely as night follows day" Katanga will reaffirm its secession. The only solution, Hempstone concludes, is for the U.N. to help build the kind of Congolese confederation that Tshombe agreed to at the Tananarive conference. This would create a single Congolese nation, but would reserve great powers to the separate Congolese provinces, including Katanga.

Supporting these polemics, Hempstone presents some solid chapters of fact and history which Americans ought to study. He points out that the cool, arid bush country of Katanga is different from the humid rain forest that covers the rest of the Congo. He sketches the histories of the great Lunda and Baluba tribes, whose lead-

(*Continued on page* 34)

—*Wide World.*

A Swedish U.N. soldier with guard dog patrols a muddied lane in unadministered refugee camp near Elizabethville, Katanga, where some 30,000 Baluba refugees are living.

—*Pix.*

Moise Tshombe—ultimate victory?

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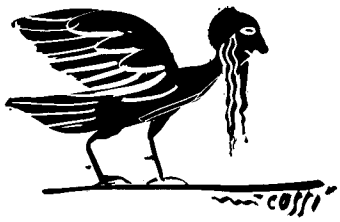

Ear and Inner Eye of the Muse

By DUDLEY FITTS, *editor of the Yale Series of Younger Poets.*

THIS quarterly assembling of new books of verse is an unsatisfactory procedure, to say the least. It enforces cursory judgments, or judgments that must seem cursory in the absence of any extended corroborative evidence, and it inevitably appears to slight what is good and to overstress what is faulty. Nevertheless it is reasonable enough that the tables should be cleared every once in a while; and if one is willing to grant that a brief assessment of a new volume may set it in a kind of perspective, however personal and opinionated, no great harm is done. There may also emerge a general impression of what has recently been going on in poetry. Accordingly, in the notes that follow I shall not attempt to develop any particular thesis. The method will be discursive, largely descriptive, and abrupt. Good poems, or what I take to be good poems, will not get the attention they deserve; inferior books will probably get more than they deserve; and the great mass of automatic, inert, self-deluded, and otherwise worthless writing—and I shall never be too old to marvel at the sheer profusion of it—will get, and deserves, only the ejaculations of pain that even stoicism cannot resist.

The books that I have chosen to talk about are new verse, a few collected translations, and a handful of critical studies. The assortment as a whole is respectable rather than stimulating; but that's as it always is, and perhaps as it should be. There is a general level of undistinguished competence, the properly accomplished and relentlessly tedious exercises that accost you daily, like daily acquaintances, and leave you neither engaged nor irritated. These books at least have the value of serving as foils for the undeniable triumphs —Robert Creeley's first collection, John Hollander's new book, and Reed Whittemore's combination of poems and literary essays. The foils have their moments of excellence, too—most of them—; but it is these three poets, in my opinion, who make this quarter remarkable.

Mr. Creeley's **"For Love"** (Scribners. 160 pp. $3.50) is the more welcome for being so long overdue. It is his first complete collection of work that has appeared previously in small private printings and in magazines, and the impact of the whole reinforces one's earlier admiration. At its concentrated best, the sting of this poetry, which dates from 1950 to 1960, is indelible. Formally the poems are miniatures, almost without exception; but there is nothing of the miniature in the power that they release when they really work. Theirs is the compression of the lyric epigram, taut, hard, constrained, graven upon the page. The ear and eye are equally involved, as is the divining intelligence that moves in the substance beyond the symbols, and the implications can exfoliate almost unmeasurably. Thus, for example:

La Noche

In the court-
yard at midnight, at

midnight. The moon is
locked in itself, to

a man a
familiar thing.

A microgram of loneliness: one thinks inevitably of the fragment (usually, and wrongly, attributed to Sappho) about the setting of the moon and the Pleiades, and the comparison is fair to both poems. Both are immense in their tinyness, both contain an eternity. Both seem negligent, like a crucial speech thrown away; but is this not the admirable deceptivity of art? The stripping down, the testing of resonance, the calculated spacing—above all, the management of silences: here is no attenuation, no hokum'd-in-Nippon spareness, but a total experience in passionate compression. The dangers of Mr. Creeley's method are obvious, of course: too much stripping down, too much reticence will result in a private note, an impenetrable memorandum, and I find many of his poems opaque; but "La Noche" is a paradigm of his technic at its best.

Because the author's name means much, deservedly, and because so many persons will be interested in anything that he may publish, we should probably take a brief comparative glance at Norman Mailer's **"Deaths for the Ladies (and Other Disasters)"** (Putnam's. Unpaged. $4, hardbound. $1.95, paperback). These are tiny poems, too, but they have no further resemblance to Mr. Creeley's. They are formless, tasteless, persistently and numbingly dull, and idle. Most of them seem t be examples of automatic writing, wit here and there the normal Mailer desire to shock, but the lavatory freedom reveals a mind that in this instance has nothing whatever to say: a giggling blank. And it is disheartening that Mr. Mailer, a novelist of originality and enormous power, should permit himself, or allow his publishers to persuade him, to display every irresponsible scrap that he has written. He should not be so uncertain of his direction. What have his private sillinesses to do with writing?

I have mentioned John Hollander's new book as being one of the signal events of the season. His first volume was the impressive "A Crackling of Thorns," Auden's choice for the Yale Series of Younger Poets in 1958; **"Movie-Going"** (Atheneum. 103 pp. $3.50, hardbound. $1.65, paperback), extends and elaborates a reputation already established. Again Mr. Hollander shows himself, as in his previous book, to be a poet of astonishing technical virtuosity—like Auden's, his formal inventiveness never seems to fail—; and now he compensates for the perhaps too literary preoccupation of "A Crackling" a concern for wit-writing, by revealin a deeper insight, at once astringent and tender, into the predicament of the displaced urban agonist. The earlier humors persist, as does the winningly remote disdain; but there is a note that

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this poet has not sounded before in the "City Eclogue" that gives the book its title, in the formal erotic fury of "Aristotle to Phyllis" and "Slepynge Long in Greet Quiete," in the superb quasi-alcaics of "Sea Pieces," in the long and curious poem "Upon Apthorp House," with which the volume closes. The method is learned, if you like, even to the seventeenth-century *carmina figurata* in the shape of a bottle and an hour-glass—and these two poems are probably dispensable—, but there is little in it that is academic, and nothing that is closed off. The performance is sheer delight.

So, in a more relaxed fashion, is that of Reed Whittemore in "**The Boy from Iowa**" (Macmillan. 188 pp. $4, hardbound. $1.95, paperback), a collection of new poems and essays. The manner again is that of the schools: Mr. Whittemore is invincibly and delightedly a Professor of English; but the gown is worn with an exuberant grace, the allusive wit is as light as it is sharp. There is no intensity here, and the satiric intelligence is less somber and considerably less shaking than Mr. Hollander's; but the loose, sprawling cantos of the two "Writer's Epics" (a new kind of Browning) hit home in spite of their dead-pan slapdash their deceptively innocent air. The more conventional poems are less effective, not because they are more serious—a useless distinction: Mr. Whittemore's giddiest comedy is caustically, even therapeutically, serious—, but because the power of the prevailing tone distorts them in this context. They would be better printed apart. Here it is the satire that matters, the gay and definitive assault.

The remaining poets are less interesting, on the whole, though the imagination is taken every once in a while. The great fault is propriety, dullness. Perhaps I should except a curious poem by George P. Elliott, limited to 220 copies, "**Fever and Chills**" (The Stone Wall Press, Iowa City. 34 pp. $8.50), a handsomely printed narrative of a joyless, sick adultery. I do not know why Mr. Elliott chose verse for this account. I am not even sure that he did. The dedication thanks a friend for helping him "find the meter"; but

> She'd gone. At the back of his throat,
> He tasted the rising vomit,
> Forced it back. He slept fitfully
> Until daylight. Inside his skull,
> Soapbubbles of unconceived sensations
> Collided to each other, emitting
> Short, very keen, supersonic squeaks.

Surely this is the movement of prose? It is too inert, at any rate, for poetry; yet in an odd way it exactly suits the

obsessive gray copulation that it broods upon, circling dimly in a suburban hell. Still, I must confess that Mr. Elliott's poem sticks in the mind, though I wish it didn't; and something should be said for the irony of the title, which evokes by inversion one of the master metrists of our time. All in all, Mr. Elliott is more successful in prose.

John Hazard Wildman's "**Sun on the Night**" (Sheed & Ward. 95 pp. 95¢, paperback) is prefaced by Cleanth Brooks, but it is otherwise unremarkable. A civilized, nicely controlled manner, with three or four minor triumphs; but the norm seems to be such a line as "Remember August and fire-fingered lust"; is the text corrupt? I should like to read "five"—where there is no fire, or only a fire prettified, like the phrase. Robert Finch, a Toronto poet, gives us "**Dover Beach Revisited, and Other Poems**" (St. Martins. 120 pp. $3.50), and it is obviously a worthy and ponderable book. But I cannot read it. The verse moves predictably, the ornamentation (and it is always and depressingly that) is made to order, the right responses arrive at the right time, and there is a smother of message. Robert Watson's "**A Paper Horse**" (Atheneum. 87 pp. $3.50) is less correct, but immeasurably more engaging. I may be wrong in relegating him to the Chorus of Minor Talents, for there is a wildness, an extravagant strangeness, in some of these poems that strikes through the apparent awkwardness of diction and phrasing, and he has a sense of tragic invention, a commitment, that sets him apart from the ordinary versers. He is clearly worth watching; as is Paul Roche, whose "**The Rank Obstinacy of Things**" (Sheed & Ward. 96 pp. 95¢, paperback) has several delicate and witty poems in it, handled with the deft complications of a perhaps too conscious facility. The best of them are enchanting, but the book is too whimsey-struck and winsome to achieve more than promise. And there is more promise, much more, in "**Poems,**" by Barbara Guest (Doubleday. 95 pp. $2.95), especially in the pieces that do not shake themselves apart in a dispersed *pointilliste* ague: certain of the poems under control, like "Landing" and "Windy Afternoon," are extremely good. The ones in free cadence never get beyond affectation, the piece-that-looks-like-a-poem-on-the-page. The same thing is true of Frederick Will's "**A Wedge of Words**" (University of Texas Press. 46 pp. $2.75), where the more nearly formal stanzas make their point with considerable success, while the unanchored systems, governed by no perceptible principle of ear or eye, limp down the page.

A wry strangeness, a central driving violence remarkable for the skill with which it is inflected, characterizes the lyrics of Christopher Middleton in "**Torse 3**" (Harcourt, Brace & World. 82 pp. $3.95); and Byron Vazakas's new book, "**The Equal Tribunals**" (Clarke & Way. 91 pp. $4.25, hardbound. $1.45, paperback), with its hovering dark rhythms and the almost tactile quality of its diction, also deserves more than the perfunctory recognition to which I am now limited by space. I am less taken than I ought to be, perhaps, by the inscriptional miniatures of David Ross's "**Three Ages of Lake Light**" (Macmillan. Unpaged. $4, hardbound. $1.65, paperback), for the symbols and scenery are largely Greek, and I'm supposed to like the Greek. And I do perceive a great deal of care in the art of these small pieces, notably in the title poem itself; but Mr. Ross is no Robert Creeley, nor was meant to be, and too often the fragmented lines are simply tenuous. As for two other books, both published by Clarke & Way—all of whose books are distributed by Southern Illinois University Press—I

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will confess I was stopped short by the pronouncements of the poets themselves. "In these poems I am trying, I suppose, to reach into the mind of God and ask what's His game, what has He done and what does He intend toward us now," says John W. Clark of "**All the Time in the Dark**" (93 pp. $4.50, hardbound. $1.75, paperback); and in "**Breakfast in Mycenae**" (55 pp. $4.25, hardbound. $1.45, paperback) Lee Hatfield writes: "A poem should be like a woman: sensuous, palpable, of delightful lineaments, yet somehow mysterious, leaving one, no matter how complete the revelation, with a sense of something unrevealed." I am perfectly willing to plead guilty of irresponsibility, but *Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.* Inanity has its limits.

I have been sent four books of translation, three of which have some merit. The best is "**The Green Oak**" (Voyages Press. 117 pp. $5), a selection of Lithuanian poetry from the beginnings to the present. The original texts are not given—an inexcusable omission—, but there is evidence enough to show that these translations by various hands, all of them competent in their own right and a few of them authentic poems, are based upon something valuable and real. "**Contemporary Italian Poetry,**" edited by Carlo L. Go (University of California Press. 223 pp. $5, hardbound. $1.95, paperback), gives us text facing translation, and again the translators have done a generally acceptable job. The trouble here would seem to be the extreme timidity of the selection itself, which was probably enforced by the difficulties confronting any translator who tries to turn foreign verse into corresponding English forms; but the venture is interesting, and not wholly unsuccessful. A new version of Boris Pasternak, "**In the Interlude: Poems 1945-1960,**" by Henry Kamen (Oxford. 250 pp. $7, hardbound. $1.50, paperback), gives the Russian text and provides intelligent notes, but I find the verse translations, *pace* Sir Maurice Bowra in his Foreword, quite unreadable. Mr. Kamen may or may not recognize the poetry in Pasternak; there is no way of telling; but he is obviously incapable of suggesting it in the limping rhymed and metered lines with which he confronts his text. Stanley Burnshaw has reminded us of the only viable method of procedure when a non-poet would "translate" a poet: the literal prose rendering, with a running commentary covering matters of allusion, texture, diction, image, the sonal qualities, interpretation—*explication de texte,* as nearly exhaustive as one cares to make it. The poetry may not emerge, but a feeling about it, and for it, will; whereas in these Pasternak pieces nothing comes through at all. But there is even less than nothing in the fourth book, "**Modern Brazilian Poetry,**" translated by John Nist (Indiana University Press. 175 pp. $5.50). For this absurd price one might at least have been given the Portuguese text; but no, only the usual translatorese. Here, however, it doesn't matter. Some of the significant names are represented, but the jejune selection amounts to a parody of actuality.

Finally, there are two critical works that deserve attention. The first is Hugh B. Staples's "**Robert Lowell: The First Twenty Years**" (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 121 pp. $3.95), which is sensitive, careful, informed, and marred only by an excusable tendency towards adoration. The other is "**The Achievement of Wallace Stevens,**" edited by Ashley Brown and Robert S. Haller (Lippincott. 287 pp. $5), a collec of eighteen essays: the best of them, like Richard Blackmur's superb analysis, reprinted from sources not always easy of access; all of them useful for their reflection, over the last thirty years, of a great minor poet.

Seven Archaic Images

By Thomas Merton

I PRIMORDIAL locutions and ventures:
A procession to the forest
(To Mother Chaos)
With bull-roarers and stone knives.

A procession to the caves
(To the beginning)
Womb of a secret hill
Paradise
Covered inside with animals.

II The magic door
Wide open.
Dance and fire.
Blood.

Yellow smoke goes straight up.

The solemn oath
Then, winds.

The smoke bends
And disappears.
(Talons of eagles
Black and blue thunder:
Desperation.)

III The cauldron.
North, south, east, west,
And in the center
The cauldron
Seething with enemies.

IV We eat.
Night council.
They stand together
Hiding the fire.

Night wind rustles
Their heavy wings
Firelight glitters
On the feathercoats.

The double axe
Shines.

O shapeless heads, (The Ancestors)
O nodding crowns of birds!
A magic answer!

V Winter morning: banners and snow.
They stand upon the monuemnt
Living presences
Of the winged dead.

History begins again
With sacrifice.

Drums,
Banners and snow.

VI Feathered images
Of Kings and heroes.
Monsters in pursuit.

Man-eating war
Shakes the land with drums;
The sacred enclosure.
The house of omens and weapons.

Bring coins, jewels, women and victims,
Bring sacred whores
To the hieratic city.

O great dishonorable beast
Cockroach and millionaire
Snake eyed cousin of pestilence
Why do we dance for you,
Why do we dance to exhaustion?

VII Music
The sadness of laws:
The toys of the gods
Dance.

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Boyars, Kings, and Comrades

"Tales of War" *(Twayne. 140 pp. $2.95) and* ***"Evening Tales"*** *(Twayne. 274 pp. $3.95),* ***by Mihail Sadoveanu,*** *and* ***"Meeting at the Last Judgment," by Petru Dumitriu*** *(Pantheon. 310 pp. $4.50), illuminate the comparatively unfamiliar history of Rumania, from 1877 to the present. Aileen Pippett's comments on current fiction appear frequently in SR.*

By AILEEN PIPPETT

THESE books by Rumanian authors show strikingly how a country's history may be made more plainly intelligible to an outsider through its literature than when the approach to the subject is limited to statistics and factual details of dates and names. "Let me write the songs and I care not who w the laws" is no idle boast. The te.. of tales tell more than they know, and often more than they intend.

The two volumes of short stories by Sadoveanu result from our country's attempt to lift the Iron Curtain from the European satellite nations by means of cultural exchange. The writer's own life is a story in itself, for he rose from a peasant, the first in his family who could read and write, to being for a short time the president of the Rumanian Presidium. His political career, however, is unimportant compared with his work as an author. He died last year, aged eighty-one, after publishing more than a hundred volumes of fiction describing the life and expressing the feelings of his people.

"Tales of War" deals with the successful struggle for independence in the Balkans in 1877, when the Rumanians, assisted by the Russians, overthrew their detested Turkish masters. When the book was written in 1905 there were still many survivors of this campaign, and young Sadoveanu already knew the ways of soldiers during his service in the national army. Thus he was able to describe as if at first ha.. 'ncidents ranging from a crucial as . on enemy positions to the capture of a few sleeping "infidels" in a ruined mill. He knew how sergeants shout and officers strut to keep exhausted men toiling towards their objective or in good heart during an uneasy lull. In these stories we hear the thunder of cannon and the whisper of wind in trees as scouts creep forward or crawl back to report. We share the comradeship of the campfire where men without rations feast on what they have "liberated" by force or cunning; we smell death and fear, understand rage, and know the longing for peace and to return home.

"Evening Tales" displays the same mastery of significant detail and power to entertain while arousing sympathetic understanding. These stories show how national independence had brought little freedom to the mass of the population, as alien rulers had been replaced by rich landowners with despotic power over the lives and property of the peasants on their vast estates. This feudal system, strongly resembling that of medieval Russia—even to calling the local lords "boyars"—is not explicitly criticized, but the implications are lethal. Many of these tales of country life have a classic simplicity and charm that heighten the exposure of the wretched poverty, ignorance, and fear, with their concomitants of lawlessness and brutality, to which the majority were condemned.

There is also humor in these pages, characteristically earthy among the peasants and, when townspeople appear, tinged with Slavic melancholy. The Russian influence is marked. "The Old Customs Clerk" has a touch of Gogol, and "A Strange Adventure," in which a tax collector helps burgle his own house and realizes that its emptiness equals his suppressed desolation about the divorced wife he pretended he was glad to be rid of, is reminiscent of Chekhov, just as "Tales of War" recalls Tolstoy's "Life with the Cossacks." No wonder Sadoveanu is acclaimed by his countrymen as their foremost writer.

Petru Dumitriu's "Meeting at the Last Judgment," a novel, brings us up to date with Rumanian history. The boyars, the kings, the Iron Guards have gone, but a new tyranny has been imposed. After the death and desanctification of Stalin there was a brief thaw; then events in Hungary brought on another freeze. There is a strongly autobiographical element in this book, for the author, like his hero, was once a Communist official, and now lives in West Germany after having escaped during a mission to East Berlin. He was accompanied by his wife, but was forced to abandon hope of recovering their infant daughter from the authorities who were enraged by his defection. Even if we lacked this verification, however, the book would bear the mark of authenticity; for only a man who has lived under a dictatorship could describe it so acutely.

Dumitriu's method of telling his story is complex and episodic, ranging back and forth in time. His unnamed narrator is at first a sort of figure in the wings, watching the drama on stage as one after another of his friends or masters orates or grovels until he is dispatched and a different puppet takes the limelight. As the obscene farce

—*Museum of Modern Art.*

"Progression Pantaculaire," by Rumanian artist Victor Brauner.

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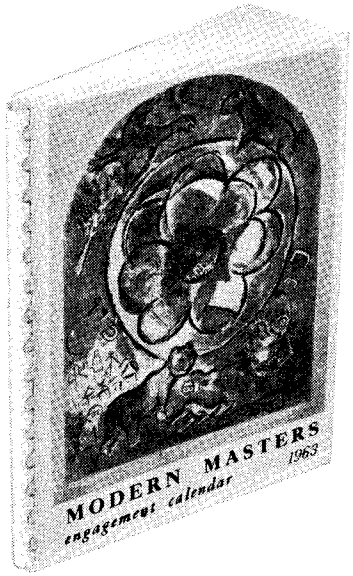

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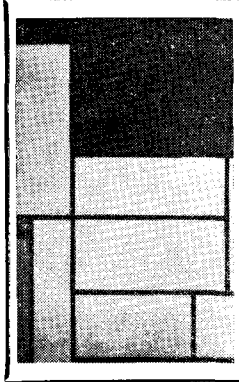

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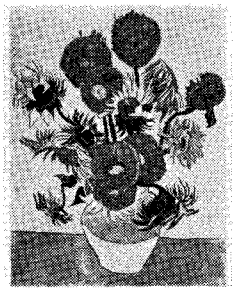

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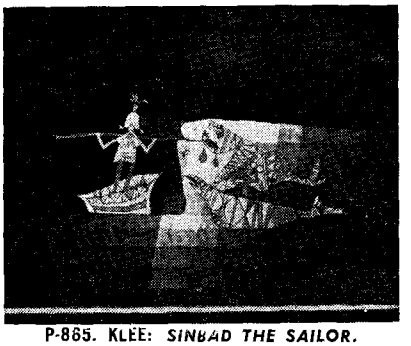

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proceeds, the watcher reconstructs what he can of the plot, using his memories, information received from others, and what he has personally observed. He knows his turn will come, he has studied his part, he knows his lines; but how will he acquit himself before that howling, jeering audience?

This oblique approach lessens the impact but increases the intensity of the novel. We see how the characters behave and admit that their actions agree with newspaper reports; we have heard the gossip about their private lives; but we never get inside them. Only the hero's thoughts and emotions are revealed to us, as he mouths the slogans, strikes the attitudes, accepts the insults, obeys the commands, is both betrayer and betrayed, and, perhaps worst of all to an intelligent and sensitive man, endures the suffocating boredom alternating with acute fear of the interminable debates and inquisitions.

This is an intimate self-portrait, and not a flattering one. We can understand the hero's dilemma when, knowing that no friend will stand by him and that defense is unavailing, he is accused of all the crimes in the political calendar: the cult of personality, revisionism, incompetence and neglect of duty, lack of comradeship, inadequate self-criticism, failure to understand the basic tenets of Marxism-Leninism or to accept discipline in the true Party spirit. We feel for him when he is disgraced, isolated, and reduced almost to beggary, and again when he crawls back into favor and is once more allowed to earn a living.

This is a horrifying and at times nauseating chronicle of human debasement, but it should not go unheeded. Dumitriu has considerable literary stature, and his forceful novel demands that we should re-examine some of our own political behavior. Is there never any malice in our heckling of public speakers? Is every question at a press conference really designed to elicit information, and not to trap a statesman or to insinuate a calumny? Do we never condemn by association, indulge in doubletalk, let ourselves be swayed by mob oratory, use economic pressure to insure conformity?

It would be interesting to know what books of ours are going to Rumania as part of this cultural exchange, and even more interesting to know how they are being received. Of course, they will be judged in accordance with "socialist realism"; but we can hope that what our writers have to say will be, as these books have been to me, a source of both pleasure and profit, and that they will reinforce the idea that, come what may, the human spirit must and will be free.

The Soul of the Outraged Exile

"Lithuanian Quartet," by Aloyzas Baronas, Marius Katiliskis, Algirdas Landsbergis, and Ignas Seinius *(Manyland Books. 206 pp. $4.95), is the third book in a series, edited by Stepas Zobarskas, who is presenting in English translation various facets of Lithuanian literature. Rimvydas Silbajoris has written extensively on Lithuanian literature in emigré publications.*

By RIMVYDAS SILBAJORIS

IN his Introduction to the present volume, Charles Angoff reminds us of the splendid contributions of small nations to world culture. Fortunately, the glory of Athens does not need to be invoked as a reason for reading this selection: it has the power to arouse genuine interest by virtue of its own literary merit, and because it induces us to contemplate the meaning of our century from a special point of view. It helps us understand the dangerous force lurking in the great ideas and articles of faith that constitute the mainstream of world civilization. In enthusiasm for abstractions, theories can be confused with reality, and, as a result, great nations have fought fiercely over issues having little or no relevance to the simple facts of life. Levelheaded peasant peoples like the Lithuanians have often been forced to wander, outraged and homeless, in the murky twilight of history's great catastrophes. It is the soul of such an exile that speaks to us from the pages of "Lithuanian Quartet."

Its voice is especially eloquent in the story "On Whose Side Is God?" by Marius Katiliskis. A group of Lithuanians, pressed into German service, are the unwilling witnesses of Nazi collapse in East Prussia at the end of the Second World War. The battle between two fanatical ideologies—both meaningless to these people—is crushing them in its grip. In the hopelessness of their situation ironies inherent in all human efforts to create a civilization reveal themselves with maddening clarity. To cite a few examples, a German Catholic priest hears the Lithuanians' confession—translated by the company commander! On Christmas Eve the men explain to their German guests the meaning of the letters J.F.—*Jüdisches Fett*—on the cakes of soap issued to the population. SS troops drive a group of Jewish girls to be drowned in the sea—the same sea by which the Germans hope to escape the Soviet armies. Like a weird mockery of all the horror, the sight of a hanged man brings home a simple wisdom: man is indissolubly bound to earth and should keep his feet on the ground.

Aloyzas Baronas, the contributor of three short short stories to the "Quartet," also plays with this irony, but in a lower key. His stories are written with subtlety and grace; they resemble a well-wrought urn containing the ashes of the world's conflagration. Their setting is peaceful, and the heroes meander aimlessly among life's great and small passions, its eternal questions, leaving it to God Himself to disentangle the confusion. But Baronas also likes his characters: he treats them with gentle humor, as if to reassure us that there is left in the world a grain of sanity from which a new life can grow.

In a story called "The Bishop and the Devil," Ignas Seinius writes with a sad smile of a Lutheran minister who, goaded by his ambitious wife, gets himself elected bishop with the devil's help, and then uses his office to perform good works. In the end he receives his punishment: the faithful allegiance of his wife, who does not think him worthy of the name of a man.

"Words, Beautiful Words," by Algirdas Landsbergis, concerns a small boy's awakening to the beauty and mystery of words—Lithuanian and English—which surround his young life like a physical presence. In response, he tries to create words all his own that would encompass the marvel of his world. The boy is doing what every artist has done even in the darkest hours of human history. He stands before us as a pledge that the spirit of man can survive the adversities of its own making and go on creating works of lasting value.

"Lithuanian Quartet" is a welcome appearance on the American literary scene. It is satisfying to know that the voice of creative imagination can still be heard, even if it belongs to a small nation, downtrodden in the march of history.

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Stripe of a Satellite

"The Modern Polish Mind: An Anthology," edited by Maria Kuncewicz *(Little, Brown. 440 pp. $8.50), contains fiction and essays chosen primarily for the light they shed on life in present-day Poland. Professor Wiktor Weintraub of Harvard University wrote "The Poetry of Adam Mickiewicz."*

By WIKTOR WEINTRAUB

WESTERN-oriented, traditionally anti-Russian, Catholic Poland is now Communist-dominated and belongs to the Soviet bloc. What can be the spiritual climate in such a country? Since the margin of freedom is much wider in Poland than in any other Communist satellite, contemporary Polish writing can to a large extent answer this question. Thus the idea of an anthology that would present "The Modern Polish Mind" as reflected in contemporary fiction, essays, and journalism is a happy one. The pieces were selected primarily for their documentary value; or, as the editor, Mrs. Maria Kuncewicz—a distinguished Polish novelist now teaching Polish literature at the University of Chicago—puts it in her introductory essay, they were singled out "as a panorama of life rather than a show of literary excellence." The more than forty short stories and essays are divided into four groups: "What Polish Writers Remember," "How They See Life," "What They Believe," and "Their Humor."

Unfortunately, the choice of material leaves much to be desired. The anthology's shortcomings can be seen most clearly in its third section, which opens brilliantly with what is perhaps the *pièce de résistance* of the whole book, "The Priest and the Jester," by Leszek Kolakowski, a spirited and original defense of the skeptic, the heretic, the negator. The rest of the section, however, is composed of articles written in 1960 and 1961, poor vintage years. Polish journalism could be passionate and surprisingly daring around 1956, the year of the "Polish October." A recent Italian anthology of articles from the weekly *Po Prostu*, a periodical remarkable for its forthright and mettlesome criticism, and which was suppressed as early as 1957, makes fascinating reading. However, there are no selections from *Po Prostu* in "The Modern Polish Mind." The articles included there are characterized by a certain cautious avoidance of "hot" issues: "Persons urging doctrinal discussion are those who wish to divide," we read in one of them, by Stomma. "Modern man constantly has to cope with a reality which takes shape independently of his will and choice, while its mechanism remains too complicated for anyone but a specialist to understand. . . . Above all, this applies to the social reality," affirms another author, Kijowski. This is not the kind of atmosphere in which meaningful discussion can be conducted, and most of these pieces make poor reading.

Mrs. Kuncewicz decided not to include émigré writers; and by and large she is right. People who left Poland during or shortly after the war cannot bear witness to life in Poland nowadays. One wonders, however, whether she might not have made an exception in the case of Hlasko, who left as recently as 1960 and whose stories would have added a much-needed astringent quality to the book.

By far the most satisfactory part of the anthology is the first section, which deals with the literature of reminiscence, especially of World War II. Particularly noteworthy is "A Day at Harmenz," a story of concentration camp horrors by the late Tadeusz Borowski, narrated in a remarkably sparse, matter-of-fact prose.

Unfortunately, the texts are poorly edited. The biographical and bibliographical notes are carelessly done and contain a number of factual errors. Footnotes are badly needed. Thus, to mention only the instances involving Kolakowski: contrary to Mrs. Kuncewicz's assertion, he was not the editor of *Po Prostu*; the haphazard list of his essays fails to mention his main scholarly achievement, an impressive book on Spinoza, or the collection of his papers in German translation which has been until now the only one of his books available in a Western language. Most American readers will be perplexed by reference to "the famous *Liber Chamorum*" (a seventeenth-century Polish book on people who claimed to belong to the gentry although, according to the author, unjustifiably); the book is hardly "famous" outside Poland.

The collection gives the reader a certain insight into the cultural atmosphere of contemporary Poland and a certain orientation in contemporary Polish literature; but he should be warned that the modern Polish mind is more venturesome and has more vigor and nerve than this anthology conveys.

Bracka Street, Warsaw—"What can be the spiritual climate . . .?" *—Eastfoto*

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World Crisis: A Search for Solutions

"The Ethic of Power: The Interplay of Religion, Philosophy and Politics" and "Ethics and Bigness: Scientific, Academic, Religious, Political and Military," edited by Harold D. Lasswell and Harlan Cleveland *(Harper. 457 pp., 487 pp. $7.50 each), examine in its various aspects the current crisis of Western civilization. C. Northcote Parkinson's works include "The Evolution of Political Thought" and the forthcoming "In-laws and Outlaws."*

By C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON

THESE two impressive volumes represent the proceedings of the sixteenth Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion in their Relation to the Democratic Way of Life, held at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in New York City on four days in the fall of 1960. The first meeting in this series was held in September 1940, the object being to assemble men of learning drawn from different schools and professing different subjects but impressed alike with "a profound sense of responsibility for the crisis of Western Civilization." Their deliberations on this occasion in 1960 centered upon "Challenges to Traditional Ethics: Government, Politics, and Administration."

Well over a hundred people attended, and papers were submitted by some sixty-nine of them. Of those who presented papers, about forty were American professors of sociology, politics, philosophy, divinity, education, history, or law. There were two physicists and one or two scholars from Britain, India, and Sweden. The administrators numbered about five, and there were in addition a bishop, a publisher, a brigadier-general (U.S. Air Force), two foundation executives (Carnegie, Ford), two lawyers, a director of Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation, a member of the Cincinnati City Council, and a rabbi. Only two papers were submitted by women. The world of practical politics was chiefly represented by one U.S. Senator (J. McCarthy of Minnesota), one Assistant Secretary of State (Harlan Cleveland, former university dean, from Syracuse), a former Secretary of the Air Force, and the Indian Minister for Research and Cultural Affairs.

The meetings went on for four days and the proceedings, compressed into these two volumes, cover close to 1,000 pages. Most of the papers were discussed in session groups but there were four general sessions and also the First Lyman Bryson Lecture (by Richard P. McKeon) on "Ethics and Politics."

While it might not be wholly justified to assume that the world's problems should thus have been solved, the crisis over, and the situation brought under control, it is apparent that there was much of interest to discuss. To sum up the general trend of discussion or even indicate the contributions of the greatest significance is a difficult task. Generally speaking, however, the papers listed from I to XI in "The Ethic of Power" are more descriptive than critical, summarizing many "great traditions" already familiar to numerous readers. Least hackneyed, perhaps, are the papers devoted to India, Islam, and China, but these propound more questions than their authors can resolve. In discussing "Confucianism in the Politics of Modern China," Arthur F. Wright ends thus with a query where we might have hoped for a forecast:

> . . . A rapidly industrializing, increasingly urban China, with its science and technology derived from the West, seems unlikely to turn back to a creed that was formed in the agrarian, familistic, and monarchical China of the past. Yet a history-conscious people, proud of their ancient heritage, are taking many steps to preserve and perpetuate that heritage. Will this result only a state-organized antiquarianism or will it make possible some ultimate mutation of the Confucian tradition that will once again find its way into the minds and hearts of the Chinese people?

Nor does K. Satchidananda Murty come to a more definite conclusion about India:

> Anyway the contemporary situation with its unprecedented success in technology, and progress in universalistic moral ideas has created new interests and is forcing statesmen to rise to its

"Blame it on a sonic boom!"

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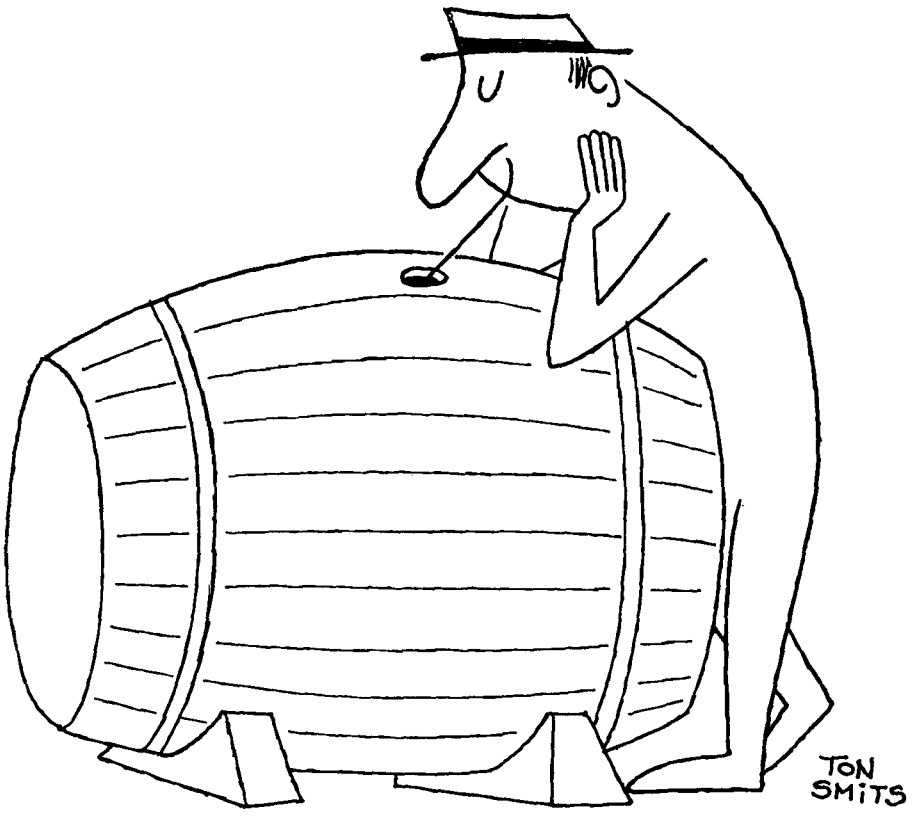
level. These new ideas, stirrings, and impulses confront statesmen and await translation into agreements, treaties, and laws, which will secure an international order based on peace, justice, and socio-economic equality, values which have to be raised to the international level. Unless appropriate concepts are forged, statesmen cannot rise to this situation; and unless people all over the world adopt these new concepts, statesmen alone can do little. This calls for the forging, if necessary, and the promotion of such concepts and the formation of an appropriate ethical conscience and habits. Elsewhere I have ventured to single out three such ideas: *homonoia,* tolerance, and universal ethics.

In describing the structure of Soviet society, W. W. Kulski deplores the intolerance of the USSR and explains that "their faith in Marxism-Leninism gives Party members a profound conviction that the wheels of history will inevitably crush other ideologies and other ways of life, condemning them as obsolete survivals of a doomed past." And he observes that tolerance, where it has been achieved in the world, has been the result of a stalemate reached after centuries of strife—leaving us to infer that the protagonists of today can learn tolerance in no other school.

Harry B. Price, in discussing "World Ethic and World Revolution," foresees no simple solution to current international problems, writing as follows:

> . . . My own view is that the drift of world affairs is now exceedingly ominous, that the means being employed or relied upon to deflect the drift are wholly inadequate, and that recognition of this fact is an essential step in genuine confrontation of the peril. Few would assert that the long succession of two-sided disarmament negotiations should be discontinued, but to pin any high hope upon them is difficult indeed.
>
> Aid to the people of the economically depressed third of the world is advanced as a means whereby one or the other camp in the cold war may ultimately win a preponderance of strength—political, moral, economic, military—enabling it to prevail against the other. Valid grounds exist for an intensification and expansion of economic and technical assistance to the emergent nations. But, as now largely administered, it has a deeply disturbing aspect, namely, the extent to which it has become a factor in the cold war, with the result that it often tends to aggravate, rather than to reduce, tensions and peril points in many parts of the world.
>
> A broader conception, now widely accepted and supported, is embodied in such political campaign slogans as "We must rally the non-Red world," and "We must win the cold war." Every indication points to a continuation and intensification of the struggle against Communism on many fronts—political, ideological, social, economic, and military—with a tightening of the Western alliance and a stronger bid to the uncommitted nations as major goals. There is little reason to suspect that this will not be met by a similar intensification within the Communist camp.



Faced with this disquieting scene, Mr. Price pins his faith on the alliances and calls for vision that is "a product of diverse minds, hearts and talents in many lands."

In the second volume, "Ethics and Bigness," there is more concrete matter of discussion. The problem of organizations becoming too large may be formidable but is not completely out of reach. Some of the participants are able, moreover, to bring some practical experience to bear on this subject. Eugene J. McCarthy, deploring the lack in the United States of "a strong tradition of the responsibilities and the honor of public office," knows what he is talking about. So does Charles P. Taft, and so again does James MacGregor Burns. Most of all, perhaps, does Stephen K. Bailey bring the discussion down to earth. When he talks of his experiences as mayor of Middletown, Connecticut, the forum fairly comes alive. Here, we feel, is something definite. Here, we conclude, is an author who has something to say. In his paper on the "Ethical Problems of an Elected Political Executive," Bailey remarks that "it is rare that the executive has either the time, the context or the liver for constructing balanced ethical judgments. He does what he must." He goes on to develop the theme in words as admirable as these:

> . . . But Acton was wrong in suggesting that the only flowers in the garden of vanity are the weeds of corruption. Power may corrupt, but it also can ennoble. The sense that you, and the office you hold, are widely valued, often creates a heightened sense of responsibility, a desire to live close to the public expectation, a wish to become a kind of community example. Too few people appreciate the ennobling effect of public office. I have seen men utterly transformed by a judgeship. . . . The heightened capacity for doing good in the world is one of the key attractions of political power, and from my limited observations is a far more fundamental factor in determining the direction of men's ambitions than the baubles and tinsel of temporary status and deference.

And, earlier on, we have a passage like this:

> If we are talking about the real world, then, we are talking in large measure about the *inarticulate* moral premises of the office holder—the ethical signposts which a harried political executive catches out of the corner of his eye.
>
> With this statement, of course, the

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> essay could well end. Any attempt to list all the precepts, proverbs, fables (and their rationalized versions) which conscience picks to guide or to justify actions, would lead to an endless and formless recitation of the obvious and the inscrutable. And ultimately such a recitation would tell us nothing about conscience itself; that ego-tempered temperer of egos; that culturebound transcender of culture; that ultimate source of ethical ambiguities. . . .

It must be admitted that much of the obvious and the inscrutable is to be found in the other chapters of this volume. But there are exceptions, and one significant discovery is undoubtedly Boulding's Law—already revealed in "The Organizational Revolution" but here given fresh emphasis in connection with the "Dilemma of American Protestantism":

> With growth in size of membership, it is quite possible that churches reach an ecclesiastical "point of diminishing returns." Adopting an analogy from the growth of biological organisms, Boulding suggests that as an organism grows it absorbs more and more of its environment, and eventually it uses up the more favorable parts of its environment, and the environment turns increasingly less favorable.

The principle that a big organization is the victim of its own success is very generally applicable in human affairs; and ethical problems are among those involved. It cannot be said, however, that the contributors to this volume have resolved the difficulties to which they call attention. The truth might be that excessive size is not an ethical problem at all, and that the cure lies more in deliberate decentralization than in moralizing about individual and collective responsibilities and attitudes. There is something unreal about a published discussion on "Bigness" wherein the index contains no reference to "Automation" or "Computer." For it is at least arguable that automation, considered as a trend in human affairs, is more important than Judaism, Marxism, or Fascism; and *much* more important than the contrasts still emphasized between the "public" and "private" sectors of the nation's economy.

It is on this last point that Harlan Cleveland is most impressive:

> Note how contrary to existing mythology are the facts of the case. Mythology holds that government is responsible for law and order, and has recently assumed the additional function of succoring the weak and encouraging the fainthearted in the American economy. It is private enterprise which constitutes the cutting edge of our national economic growth—or so our mythology tells us. But the way our national economy is actually working suggests that an equally good case could be made for the reverse of these propositions.

There is much in this and the preceding volume of interest and value. Yet some doubt must linger as to the real usefulness of these Conferences at which thought is so completely divorced from action. It is true that talking may help to create a climate of opinion favorable to this development or that. However, talk itself is more effective if made to center round some actual proposal—if only a resolution to be made public. But the last paragraph of the last paper read before the last luncheon contains nothing as definite as that—nothing which would do much to assist the President or Congress. No active politician can be fairly expected to read nearly a thousand pages of moralizing. Would it not be preferable, therefore, to open the next Conference with some specific proposal, capable of acceptance or rejection?

Rapture, Triggered and Untriggered

"Ecstasy: A Study of Some Secular and Religious Experiences," by Marghanita Laski *(Indiana University Press. 374 pp. $10), aims to prove that mystical states differ in degree rather than in kind. Frances O'Brien has made a study of the beatific vision for the liturgical subjects that she frequently paints.*

By FRANCES O'BRIEN

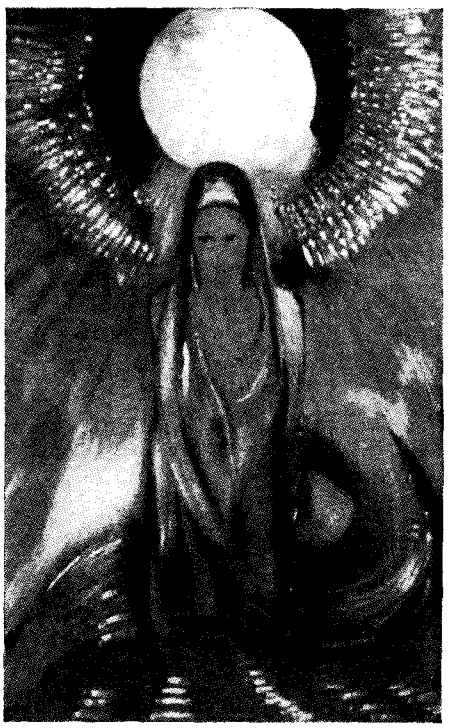
"EXTRAORDINARY to the point of often seeming as if derived from a preternatural source," Marghanita Laski defines the subject of her vastly documented, charted, and graphed volume, "Ecstasy," an empirical investigation of ecstatic experiences.

Miss Laski ventures far from the trails hacked out by William James and the few others who have attempted comparable analyses. "I do not find that I can equate my criteria for ecstasies with anyone else's criteria for mystical states," Miss Laski announces, and in her closely packed pages she explains why. She has evolved her own criteria plus an original and useful terminology. She classifies her subject under the broad headings of "intensity ecstasies" and "withdrawal ecstasies," with the former preponderant in the West, the latter in the East. She defines three stages: the "Adamic," the "knowledge" or "knowledge-contact," and "union" ecstasies. This scale, incidentally, corresponds to the classic Christian "Purgative Way," "Illuminative Way," and "Unitive Way."

The author began her investigations by asking sixty-three friends and acquaintances to answer a questionnaire, which opened with "Do you know a sensation of transcendent ecstasy?" Surprisingly, sixty answered in the affirmative. Miss Laski checked these experiences against literary and religious examples, and concluded that "if prestige, style and overbelief are disregarded, the experiences of the questionnaire group must be judged as essentially similar to those of the religious."

An interesting and controversial innovation is Miss Laski's use of the word *trigger*: ". . . triggers are circumstances preceding ecstatic experiences and probably standing in a causal relationship to such experiences." As examples she gives nature, art, sexual love, religion, etc.

The speculative nature of trigger-response leaves it somewhat outside the area of scientific inquiry, and the situation is complicated by the fact that ecstasies can occur under non-trigger or even anti-trigger conditions. Miss Laski aims to prove that all ecstasies, secular and religious, differ in degree



—*"Ideas and Images in World Art."*

The Buddha, by Adilon Redon.

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rather than in kind. Secular experiences are her principal interest, but since she finds it necessary to "test" them by formal religious-mystical standards, she might have arrived at a deeper comprehension of what these standards are by examining more source material. She admits that her acquaintance with this literature is mostly acquired from compendiums, like the books of Evelyn Underhill. No mention is made of such required reading as "The Cloud of Unknowing" except for an oblique quotation from Underhill. Miss Laski might not be so "tentative" about withdrawal ecstasies if she had studied the "Cloud" in its entirety.

She demolishes some witless assumptions, such as the theory that ecstasy is a phenomenon of sexual repression, pointing out that while sexual love appears to be a common trigger in the questionnaire group, sexual ecstasy remains a rare experience. As for D. H. Lawrence and his claims, she concludes, judging from his writings, that he never knew ecstasy at all.

It is too bad that the seriousness of her subject inhibits Miss Laski's delightful sense of humor. In the chapter on drugs, she finds that ecstasies and mescalin experiences have almost nothing in common, and muses: "I should have thought that for anyone seeking the Beatific Vision (which was, before Mr. Huxley, granted only to Moses and St. Paul) there were surer and pleasanter ways of attaining it than by taking mescalin." But her gifts for levity and satire are largely wasted, more's the pity. "In ecstasy," she reminds us, "there is no fun whatsoever."

For serious students her book merits serious study. The lay reader should find it far-out and fascinating.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 992

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 992 will be found in the next issue.

QRZGPEG RQ SDG APCGK-BKCZG BGHKBSGG.

EDGQSGBSFP.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 991

We call our rich relatives the kin we love to touch.

—EDDIE CANTOR.

Individuals Joined to Mankind

***"Men and Nations," by Louis J. Halle** (Princeton University Press. 224 pp. $4.75), attempts to apply the philosophy of Plato to the facts of political life. James K. Feibleman is professor of philosophy at Tulane.*

By JAMES K. FEIBLEMAN

THE PARADOX of Plato's current reputation is that although his writings enjoy an immense popularity —there are in print some thirty-two separate paperback editions—the acceptance of his philosophy is out of fashion. Most philosophers teach Plato, but few, except Whitehead, have followed him recently. Many thinkers in other fields, however, do attempt to apply his thought. As a matter of fact, the disagreement as to what exactly it is that Plato meant can be matched only by the profusion of ways in which his philosophy has been applied. But such is the power of Plato that it is difficult to use his philosophy in any way that will not yield at least some valuable insights.

Platonism, Louis J. Halle says, is not one philosophy among many but philosophy itself. He has attempted to apply this philosophy to the facts of political life, oddly enough without considering that Plato himself did so in two of his longest dialogues: the "Republic" and "The Laws."

From Plato's philosophy Professor Halle uses only the famous theory of the Ideas. According to this theory there are two worlds: an abstract world of intelligible objects corresponding to our thoughts, and a concrete world of sensible objects appearing in space and time. Although we live in the world of sensible objects, it is the intelligible objects that count. The sensible objects only approximate imperfectly the perfection of the intelligible objects, and that is what gives rise to all our difficulties.

When the optimist said that this is the best of all possible worlds and the pessimist added that he was afraid that the optimist was right, they were talking about two different worlds. The optimist had selected his from the Platonic Ideas, and the pessimist had located his within the world of actuality. And so we live in one world and plan in accordance with another. How are we to know when we have the correct ideals? We test them, Professor Halle says, against conformity with existential reality and also against the imperfections of that reality. But do these not come to the same? As Professor Halle himself insists, "in either case we must consult the existential reality."

What the author presents is a Platonic political philosophy in individual terms. He wishes to reconcile the two worlds of the individual and mankind rather than those of the individual and the nation. Professor Halle does not recognize the reality of nations, which are for him aggregates of real individuals. Here it would seem he turns against Plato unwittingly, and refuses to accept the challenge of social organization, of government, and of man himself as a political animal. There is indeed considerable evidence that, despite Professor Halle's enormous respect for Plato, he is unfaithful. Yet although Plato went to considerable pains to design the ideal city-state in his Republic, Professor Halle assures us that the actual states—France, for instance—are only ideas. The individual French people are real but not "France." France is merely the way in which the French picture themselves.

Very possibly Professor Halle has allowed the two uses of "idea" to confuse him, for an Idea in the Platonic sense turns out to be unreal when it is an idea in the psychological sense—that is to say, when it is a thought in the mind. Platonic Ideas are the objects of thought, but for Professor Halle they turn into the thoughts themselves —and back again. It is almost a nominalistic interpretation of Plato that we are given, and Paley, the eighteenth-century English divine and moralist, who said that nothing really exists but individuals, is quoted with approval almost as often as Plato, who said that nothing really exists but Ideas.

Professor Halle finds Plato's philosophy useful in explaining many political difficulties but not very helpful in proposing a solution. Perhaps the Platonic world of perfection is farther away than is ordinarily supposed, and all our plans and ideals are but approximations suggested as well as measured by the advantages and limitations to be found in actual practice. The concepts by means of which we dream of perfection do not always enjoy the perfection of the Platonic Ideas.

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Book in the News

Continued from page 21

ers (Tshombe and Jason Sendwe, respectively) are struggling for control of Katanga as their forebears have done for centuries. He describes both the industrial operations and the corporate structure of the *Union Minière*, the copper mining giant which because of its dams, its highways, its mines, and its plants "*is* Katanga." (Fifty-six per cent of all Katanga adult males are salaried employees, a figure unique in Africa.) And he presents some vivid scenes of the curious battle for Elisabethville in which U.N. Gurkha troops and Tshombe's white mercenaries fought for one tree-shaded avenue while, a block away, Belgian matrons did their shopping.

The features that Hempstone does not offer are balance and consistency. Moise Tshombe does not fear Communism in Katanga; he fears that the fabulous mineral wealth discovered in the land of the Lunda tribe will be scattered among all the Congolese tribes ruled from Leopoldville. Thus, when he was under attack by the U.N. and the central government in Leopoldville, Tshombe appealed for aid to the leftist Antoine Gizenga, whose rump regime in Stanleyville was supported by the Soviet Union. Hempstone does not record this appeal. Neither does he quote Tshombe's snarling remark that Americans were cowards who used Indian troops to do their fighting for them. Tshombe was mad because Indian Gurkha troops were flying into Katanga in U.S. Globemasters, but his remark was part of the record. Hempstone describes at length and in clinical detail the horrible atrocities perpetrated by central government troops while U.N. troops stood by. Of the equally savage atrocities perpetrated by Tshombe's army, he says only "the Katangan gendarmerie demonstrated that it was not yet sufficiently disciplined by shooting sixty-eight Baluba prisoners."

Beyond that, Hempstone is quite wrong when he characterizes U.S. policy as a kind of aimless, ignorant support of whatever moves the Afro-Asian bloc at the U.N. may choose to make. U.S. policy has been to work through the U.N. to isolate Africa from the cold war. If the U.S. is not heavily influencing U.N. Congo policy, this will come as a surprise not only to the Russians, who daily charge that the U.N. is a tool of the U.S. and the West, but to correspondents who have watched that policy being made at U.N. headquarters in New York. Hempstone himself admits as much when he says of the Kitona agreement, which ended the second battle of Katanga, that "obviously, the U.S. was calling a good percentage of the shots." The fact is that the U.S. is worried about Soviet intervention in Africa. Though Hempstone pooh-poohs this danger in one chapter, saying that the Congo is too far from Russia to permit intervention, he contradicts himself in another chapter by noting that, within a few weeks, the Russians moved in twenty-nine Ilyushin transports, 100 trucks, and more than 200 technicians to help Patrice Lumumba. The Congo is no further from Moscow than Cuba.

The stakes in Katanga, in other words, were bigger than they seem to Hempstone. By backing the U.N., the U.S. was playing for the entire Congo, indeed for much of the continent. One of the fruits of this policy was the rapid toppling of Gizenga's regime and the bolstering of the present relatively moderate central government of Premier Cyrille Adoula. As for the morality of this policy, that perhaps will never be settled; many Americans still argue hotly that Jefferson Davis was right. One conclusion that is not attractive, however, is the prospect of the U.N. withdrawing from the Congo before the Katanga matter is settled. As Hempstone predicts, Tshombe would doubtless re-proclaim his independence. And, as Hempstone does not mention, the central government would certainly reassert its intention to reconquer what it considers a dissident province. Since it cannot do this alone, it would have to ask for outside help. This would put the entire situation right back where it was two years ago.

This book is well worth reading for its wealth of facts and its colorful eyewitness account. But it is not the whole story of Katanga.

Travel

Continued from page 18

check, a rather awesome sight in itself.

There are really, besides the Space Needle, none of the famed restaurants that made Brussels such a delight—no Russian pavillion for caviar, borsch, and blintzes, no Czech pavillion for creamy beer; and, sadly, no Hungarian restaurant, perhaps the best of all gustatory delights at Brussels. Seattle does have a German hofbrau and an unofficial Danish smorgasbord palace which dispenses Danish beer and open sandwiches at rather substantial prices. The Spanish Village, with its flamenco show and paella dinner, is making a resounding hit.

THE foreign exhibits do not appear on as large a scale as at Brussels, but some—the Canadian show particularly—made more of an impact on me in Seattle than they had in Belgium. The Canadian exhibit at Seattle has a marvelous moving mock-up which shows life in the Canadian northlands in the coming century, with submarines surfacing through ports chiseled in the ice, bringing people and supplies to a heated arctic city. The Japanese have turned up with the usual efficient, tasteful unfettered display of their products; and the Mexicans, who have largely gone unsung in their fair efforts, have created almost as handsome a display as they had at Brussels. The Swedes here are trim and clean-lined as always, and so for that matter are the Danes, who add their customary spirit of whim-wham to the proceedings. Not terribly concerned with the twenty-first century, except perhaps in matters of design, the Danes state their general position on the whole subject like this:

> The Danes know of course a little of space, but we consider stars to be—and not to be—symbols of gay living in all senses of the word and we use all our strength to make sense out of life on the very old globe. (Let all our astronomes join in a march of protest against this thesis.) We affirm that space is a jolly good semisphere giving shelter to lovers of life (the eternal question).

Having thus dispatched the next century, the Danes, I suspect, are already back finishing up what remains of this one. Returning to face the remains of the twentieth century is a rather terrifying prospect, but one that faces everyone as he leaves the gates at Seattle this summer after having spent so many hours in the hereafter.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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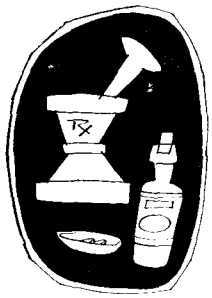
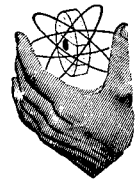


SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters • Personality Portrait LXXVII • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLE: What a Moon Ticket Will Buy

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

A REPORT ON THE NEW DRUG BILL IN THE U.S. SENATE

TWO and a half years ago, the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, chaired by the Hon. Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, opened an investigation of abuses in the marketing of drugs. Early in its study, the committee accepted a suggestion made in these columns: that the inquiry encompass the activities of Dr. Henry Welch, then chief of the antibiotics division of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, who was being paid privately for editing antibiotics-promotion journals while receiving a public salary to police antibiotics. Following the committee's confirmation of facts originally published in SR in February 1959, Dr. Welch was forced to resign his government post, and is now under further investigation by a Federal grand jury in the District of Columbia. Aside from that dramatic accomplishment, the practical effects of the Kefauver drug probe have been disappointing to those who expected it to bring safer and lower-priced medicines.

Why should this be true?

Principally because of a Senate coalition between southern Democratic and northern Republican conservatives. Thus Democratic Senator James Eastland of Mississippi, chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, ignored the Democratic chairman of his own Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly (Mr. Kefauver) and instead summoned Senate Republican leader Everett Dirksen of Illinois to determine how much of Mr. Kefauver's draft of a new drug law should be allowed to pass through the Judiciary Committee onto the floor of the Senate.

Now it is difficult to believe, but it is nevertheless true, that in these days of extreme sensitivity to human well-being everywhere, anyone can set himself up as a drug manufacturer in the United States without a license or without even advising the government of his intention. The Kefauver drug bill proposed to end this astonishing anachronism by requiring all drugmakers to be licensed and to maintain certain minimum standards of quality in order to keep the license. Senator Dirksen told Senator Eastland that such restrictions do not belong in the law—they would constitute undue interference with private enterprise. So the licensing provision came out of the Kefauver bill and was replaced by a requirement that anyone who wants to manufacture drugs must give the government his name and address and must thereafter "conform to current good manufacturing practice" —which is to say, the lowest common denominator that the drugmakers themselves agree to.

At the present time, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration bears the burden of proving that a new drug prepared for the market has nothing worthwhile to offer the physician and his patients. Approval of a sales permit for the drug is automatic in sixty days after application is made unless FDA can dig up persuasive evidence against the innovation within that time. Senator Kefauver's bill shifted the burden of proof to the drugmaker. Unless a sound case could be made for a new drug, no sales permit would be issued regardless of time. Senator Dirksen told Senator Eastland that this, too, would constitute undue restraint on private initiative. It should be enough, he said, to give FDA ninety days instead of sixty days to prove that a new drug was unworthy.

At the present time, any drug that can be shown to be safe cannot be barred from the marketplace. Ordinary water could be sold for its medicinal properties if people would be gullible enough to pay for it. Senator Kefauver's bill said a new drug must be shown to be effective as well as safe for the purposes claimed by the drugmaker who wanted to sell it. Senator Dirksen said this provision was all right as long as it applied only to the original claims of the drugmaker. His phraseology permits other claims to be added later on, if the drugmaker considers them justified, without further proof to support them.

AT the present time, FDA carries the responsibility for finding out when the side effects of an already marketed drug become dangerous. Senator Kefauver's bill made the drugmakers responsible for reporting such effects as the effects become evident. Since President Kennedy had sent word from the White House that he wanted the drugmakers to keep a continuing clinical record of their drugs and have the record available to FDA, the Senate coalition let that passage alone. And since such a requirement would be meaningless without stipulation of FDA's right to inspect drug company records, an inspection provision was also left in the bill even though the drugmakers had fought to keep their records secret in the past.

A few other improvements over the existing drug law survived Senator Dirksen's conference with Senator Eastland over Senator Kefauver's draft of a bill. One requires FDA to send to physicians all drug analyses that now accompany bottles and boxes of drugs to druggists. This will keep the individual doctor advised of unfavorable side effects of drugs. Another improvement in the proposed law as it came out of the Judiciary Committee buzz-saw authorized the Cabinet officer respon-

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sible for FDA (Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare) to establish generic or chemical names for new drugs when the drugmakers refuse to accept names chosen by the U.S. Pharmacopoeia. This will help cut down the confusion physicians must now wrestle with in considering new drugs, for there are usually a number of different trade names for one generic name. A third improvement that the surviving Kefauver bill makes over existing drug law is to authorize the U.S. Patent Commissioner to obtain information about new drugs from FDA and to consider that data in determining whether a new drug deserves the protection of a patent. (He is *prohibited* from doing so now!)

Senator Kefauver hopes the whole membership of the Senate in open debate will be less susceptible to pressure from the powerful drug lobby than the conservative coalition has been behind committee doors. There is good reason to believe that when the new drug bill comes out on the floor of the Senate, he intends to try to strengthen it to include:

(1) A licensing system, with provision for revocation of license in event of failure to comply with minumum standards;

(2) An explicit statement of the minimum standards;

(3) A requirement that new drugs be proved effective as well as safe for any purpose the makers claim at any time;

(4) A requirement that drugmakers who settle patent disputes among themselves by agreeing to share the drug through limited licensing arrangements must file copies of such agreements with the U.S. Patent Commissioner, who must make them available on request to the anti-trust division of the Justice Department;

(5) A requirement that all advertisements for drugs include summaries of undesirable side effects;

(6) A requirement that all advertisements for drugs include the generic name of the drug in type at least half as big as the drug's trade name; and

(7) A requirement that if, after holding a patent on a drug for three years, the maker of that drug still sells the drug to druggists at a price more than 500 per cent above the manufacturing cost of the drug, then the drugmaker must license other companies to make and sell the same drug.

Citizens who wish to express their opinions on this matter to their Senators and Congressmen and to the President have only a short time in which to act. The new drug law may be voted on in the Senate during the early days of August. The House vote will follow soon thereafter.

—John Lear,
Science Editor

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXXVII

THE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Credo of Edward Rosen

—*Wisconsin U.*

MOST men resent injustice, and will do what they can to right it. But few men will spend the energy and time required to expose the truth about false accusations and misunderstandings that have stood for hundreds of years. Professor Edward Rosen, of the history department of The City College of New York, is one man who will.

It was in 1610 that Galileo Galilei, the now famous Italian mathematician and astronomer, published the earliest known report of observations through a telescope. He titled the paper "Siderius nuncius." In it he announced that with his new instrument he had seen mountains on the moon.

This was a frightening thing for anyone to say. It contradicted the then long accepted belief that all heavenly bodies were perfect globes, made of a substance purer than earth and revolving around the earth. The church especially was disturbed, not so much by the thoughts of an educated man like Galileo as by the danger that unlettered men might draw assumptions that would cause them to abandon the restraints of the religious teaching of the period. A group of zealous Jesuit priests decided they must oppose the influence of Galileo's writings on the popular mind, for he wrote in colloquial Italian. And they mocked him in print, sarcastically interpreting the word "nuncius" from the title of his original report to mean "messenger." Who was this fellow Galileo, they asked in effect, to pretend to be "true interpreter of the stars, ambassador of the sidereal court"?

So began the tragic quarrel between Galileo and the Vatican, which ended in his trial and house arrest on charges of teaching that the earth moved around the sun instead of vice-versa.

Historians picked up the story and passed it along. One after another they accepted the Jesuit translation of the word "nuncius." This went on until the year 1950—only one decade short of three and a half centuries after Galileo wrote his paper on the telescope.

Having studied Latin extensively, Professor Rosen knew that "nuncius" could have two meanings. It could mean "messenger," as Galileo's Jesuit enemies claimed it did. Or it could mean simply "message." Which had Galileo intended?

Since Galileo had referred to the "nuncius" as containing observations, the Professor suspected that Galileo must have had "message" rather than "messenger" in mind. But it wasn't possible to be sure in absence of corroborating evidence from Galileo's own hand. By tracing the story backward, the persistent historian finally found a reproduction of Galileo's own copy of the attack the Jesuits had made in 1626.

"I never called myself a sidereal ambassador," the great Italian had penned in the margin of a page. "Nor would you . . . had you understood the title of my book, which is named *Sidereus nuncius*, meaning Sidereal Embassy or Message, not Ambassador."

Galileo had never published this angry reply to his detractors, nor had any historian prior to Professor Rosen taken the trouble to try to discover such a reaction. The real name of Galileo's report on his telescopic observations is, thus, a landmark in the history of science.

Once having cleared Galileo of misrepresentation by the Jesuits, the Rosen flair for sleuthing focused on some remarks Galileo himself had made about Nicholas Copernicus. The writings of Copernicus had convinced Galileo that the earth circles the sun, but it turned out that Edward Rosen, in translating Copernican papers for a Ph.D. thesis at Columbia University, had read Copernicus with more circumspection than Galileo did. In a burst of sympathy not entirely characteristic of his attitude in

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such circumstances, Professor Rosen found an excuse for Galileo's departure from the strict truth: the Italian genius may have been unconsciously influenced by a desire to return to the good graces of the Pope.

Another piece of Rosen research overthrew the authority of the Oxford English Dictionary on the origin of the word telescope. Again, Professor Rosen disproved the accepted folktale that Roger Bacon had invented eye-glasses. Not all the writings that bear the Rosen signature in history of science journals have to do with immortal figures, but this chunky scholar with the crew haircut and jutting chin does seem to get most enjoyment from chopping the really big ones down to human size.

As SR's Science Editor, I have some slight personal awareness of Professor Rosen's courage in one episode. In 1957, the year the Russians put up the first Sputnik, I read a passing reference to a geography of the moon that had been written in 1609 by John Kepler, Imperial Mathematician to the Hapsburgs in Prague. That year was the year before Galileo published his report on what the moon looked like through a telescope.

Assuming that Kepler's book must be widely known and easily available, I sought it in the New York Public Library. I found only Latin and German editions decades and sometimes hundreds of years old—nothing modern, nothing in English. I hired translators to read the text to me. What I heard convinced me that the book was an important missing link in man's understanding of gravity and the laws of inertia (SR/6 August 1960, SR/6 May 1961). But I couldn't interest historians of science in it. Some said they were too busy, some said Kepler's Latin was too hard to read, some refused to believe that a magazine editor untrained as an historian could have found anything valuable that scholars had missed, and one warned that the fewer people heard of my ideas the safer my reputation would be.

Then, through one of my readers, I met Professor Rosen. At first fearful of involvement with a journalist, the Professor asked: "Would you accept whatever I found, whether for or against your thesis?" The answer was affirmative. Then Professor Rosen asked: "Do you expect to make a pot of money out of this?" I assured him I was interested only in learning the truth. "If you mean that," the Professor said, "I'll help you."

Thereupon, Professor Rosen translated Kepler's lunar geography. He not only confirmed my conclusions about the manuscript but discovered many previously unnoticed links in the history of science. Some hint of the findings may be given in a paper he will read at the Tenth International Congress of the History of Science on the Cornell University campus in August.

The intensity of his restless search for ultimate truth makes Professor Rosen probably the most feared critic of books on the history of science. So vigorously does he assail small inaccuracies that readers of his reviews often are left with the impression that he doesn't think a particular volume has much to offer when he actually believes the author did a rather good job on the whole. "The little mistakes make me mad, because once in print they become perpetuated," he explains. Despite his reputation for irascibility, his high professional standing is manifest in the works of colleagues who cite his research: Giorgio de Santillana, Charles Gillispie, Stillman Drake and I. E. Drabkin, for example. In the introduction to the fourth volume of "Science and Civilisation in China," Professor Joseph Needham of Cambridge University paid a rare compliment in these lines: "Only the specialist using intensive methods—a Rosen elucidating the tangled roots of ophthalmic lenses or a Drachmann exploring Roman oil-presses —can . . . bring truth wholly out of the well."

PROFESSOR Rosen's friends point out that anyone born on the lower east side of Manhattan Island in the year 1906 had to be aggressive to survive. Edward Rosen was born there and then, of parents recently arrived from the Ukraine. They were small merchants, of Jewish lineage, who brought Edward up in an agnostic atmosphere. They had little schooling, but respected the learned tradition and sent all four of their children through college. Edward did better than their dreams by winning a Phi Beta Kappa key.

The usual errands and minor employments of boyhood early taught him to earn his own way. Immediately after being graduated from City College in 1926, he began to teach classical languages. But he didn't enjoy teaching subjects that his pupils *were required* to study, and, at the earliest opportunity, shifted to ancient history. Except for occasional travel on Guggenheim grants, two years in the army, and a year as visiting lecturer under de Santillana at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he has lived all his life in New York City. A member of the track team in college, he now gets most of his exercise in keeping up with Carla Jeannette, the lively daughter his former student and second wife, Sally, presented to him two years ago. Sally paints—paintings that other people willingly buy. Edward criticises her work gently, as befits a fearless champion of truth.

—J.L.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

A WELCOME VOICE

MAY I SIMPLY raise my voice in approval of Mr. Lear's superb article "Does Anyone Have Squatter's Rights In the Sky?" *[SR/* June 2]. Although I do not normally belong to SIR, I have been stimulated to write several letters to Washington, D. C. as a result of Mr. Lear's article.

PAULA MELLON

New York, N. Y.

TIME CREEPS ON

ON PAGE 50 of the April 7, 1962 SR appears an article [The Research Frontier] by Dr. Robert Jastrow wherein he says "The current rate of change of the length of the day is about one second in 100,000 years. We calculate this rate of change from ancient records of observation of eclipses, which would have had to take place at impossible times if the length of the day long ago had been identical to the length of our present day."

As far as I know, recorded history goes back about 4,000 years, possibly another 1,000—let us assume 5,000 years. From Dr. Jastrow's statement, [it would appear that] the difference in the length of a day now and 5,000 years ago would be one-twentieth of a second.

Very well—the article goes on to say: "We calculate this rate of change from ancient records of observations of eclipses, which would have had to take place at impossible times if the length of the day long ago had been identical to the length of our present day."

Surely if there was only one-twentieth of a second change in the length of the day of 5,000 years ago and today, you cannot calculate it accurately on the basis mentioned.

VICTOR H. FALL,
District Judge,
First Judicial District.

Helena, Mont.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Robert Jastrow, Director of the Goddard Institute of Space Studies and author of the Research Frontier referred to in Judge Fall's letter, offers the following explanation for the apparent discrepancy noted by the Judge:*

A change of a millisecond (one one-thousandth of a second) per century in the length of a day means a change of only three one-hundredths of a second in the length of a day during the 3,000-year period since the ancient eclipse observations were made. But in the practical affairs of the world, time is measured not by the stars but by the position of the sun in relation to a given spot on earth. And as the day grows steadily longer, the hour of noon, for example, slips from its former place at that one spot by about one one-thousandth of a second per day, day after day. Hence Judge Fall must multiply the average change in the length of a day over thirty centuries (which is three one-hundredths of a second) by the number of days in that period (which is about 1,000,000) to arrive at the total slippage of time. The result is 30,000 seconds, or about nine hours.

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WHAT A MOON TICKET WILL BUY

An Incredible Price Stated in Earthly Currency

By WARREN WEAVER

THE American program for exploration of extra-terrestrial space serves two distinct purposes. On the one hand, it contributes to defense, to international political purposes, and to our national prestige. On the other hand, it advances scientific knowledge.

Certainly few scientists have the professional competence or the practical experience which would enable them to make responsible judgments concerning the nonscientific aspects of space research. I am myself not prepared to oppose any level of expenditure which has been thoughtfully evaluated by leaders competent in the military and political fields, and which has been deemed by them, in careful review of alternative uses of the money and manpower, to be necessary for nonscientific reasons.

Apart from the military and political purposes (within which can be included possible beneficial effects on our economy and the charming possibility that we may force our enemies into economic collapse), there remain the essentially scientific purposes. I believe that most scientists consider the proposed expenditures quite unjustified on the grounds of scientific considerations; and also consider the frantic pace of the program to be wasteful.

It has been forecast that it may cost $30 billion to "put a man on the moon." But how much is $30 billion?

It is sobering to think of an alternative set of projects that might be financed with this sum. We could: give a 10 per cent raise in salary, over a ten-year period, to every teacher in the United States, from kindergarten through universities, in both public and private institutions (about $9.8 billion); give $10 million each to 200 of the best smaller colleges ($2 billion); finance seven-year fellowships (freshman through Ph.D.) at $4,000 per person per year for 50,000 new scientists and engineers ($1.4 billion); contribute $200 million each toward the creation of ten new medical schools ($2 billion); build and largely endow complete universities, with medical, engineering, and agricultural faculties for all fifty-three of the nations which have been added to the United Nations since its original founding ($13.2 billion); create three more permanent Rockefeller Foundations ($1.5 billion); and still have $100 million left over to popularize science.

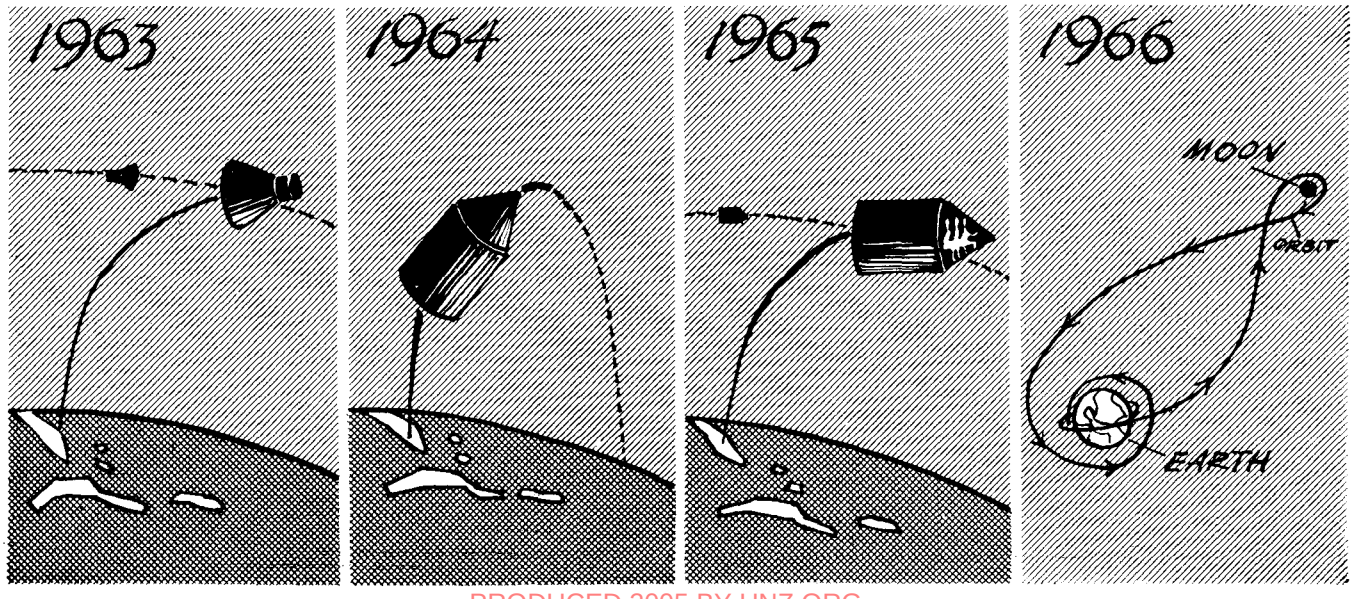
Whether you are primarily concerned with national welfare, international prestige, or science, weigh these alternatives against a man on the moon.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The American expedition to the moon, which President Kennedy says must land on the moon by 1970 at the latest, has been criticised by many scientists. The usual reasons are that the project blocks other, equally if not more important, research work. Never before has anyone with sufficient breadth of vision and simultaneous grasp of the technicalities attempted to tot the bill for the moon voyage in terms of the whole of American civilization.*

The sane and sensible approach to the moon would be first to launch a series of unmanned spaceships loaded with supplies to protect the lives of the men who will follow. From these trips knowledge could be gained about spaceship launching, rendezvous and orbiting, as well as about the still virtually unknown surface of the moon. Only after all the possible lessons had been learned from the unmanned lunar craft would men be allowed to go.

NASA has thrust these old-fashioned cautions aside. In a frenzy to reach the moon ahead of the Russians, young American astronauts will be assigned to travel to the moon, orbit around it, and ride a small lunar ferryboat out of that orbit 239,000 miles away from any possibility of earthly help or advice.

The frantic pace of all this is reflected in the four sketches immediately below: orbit of earth by a two-man spaceship next year, parabolic trial hops by a three-man ship in 1964, orbit of earth by the three-manner in 1965, and a nonstop whirl around the moon and back to earth in 1966. After that comes the fantastic jump sketched on the opposite page.



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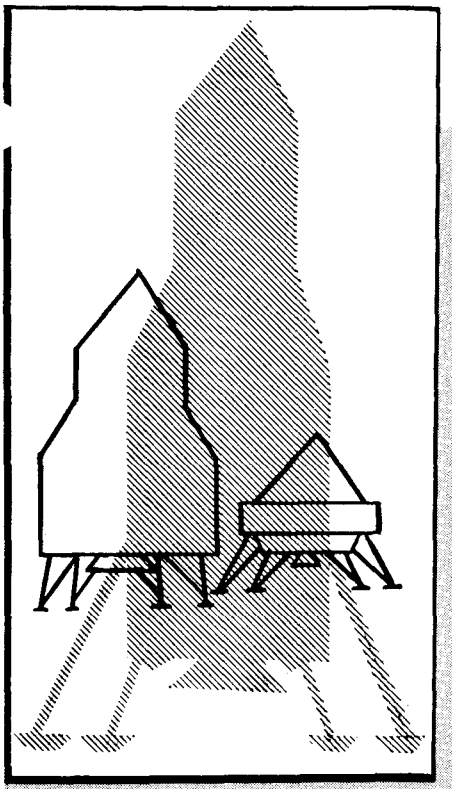
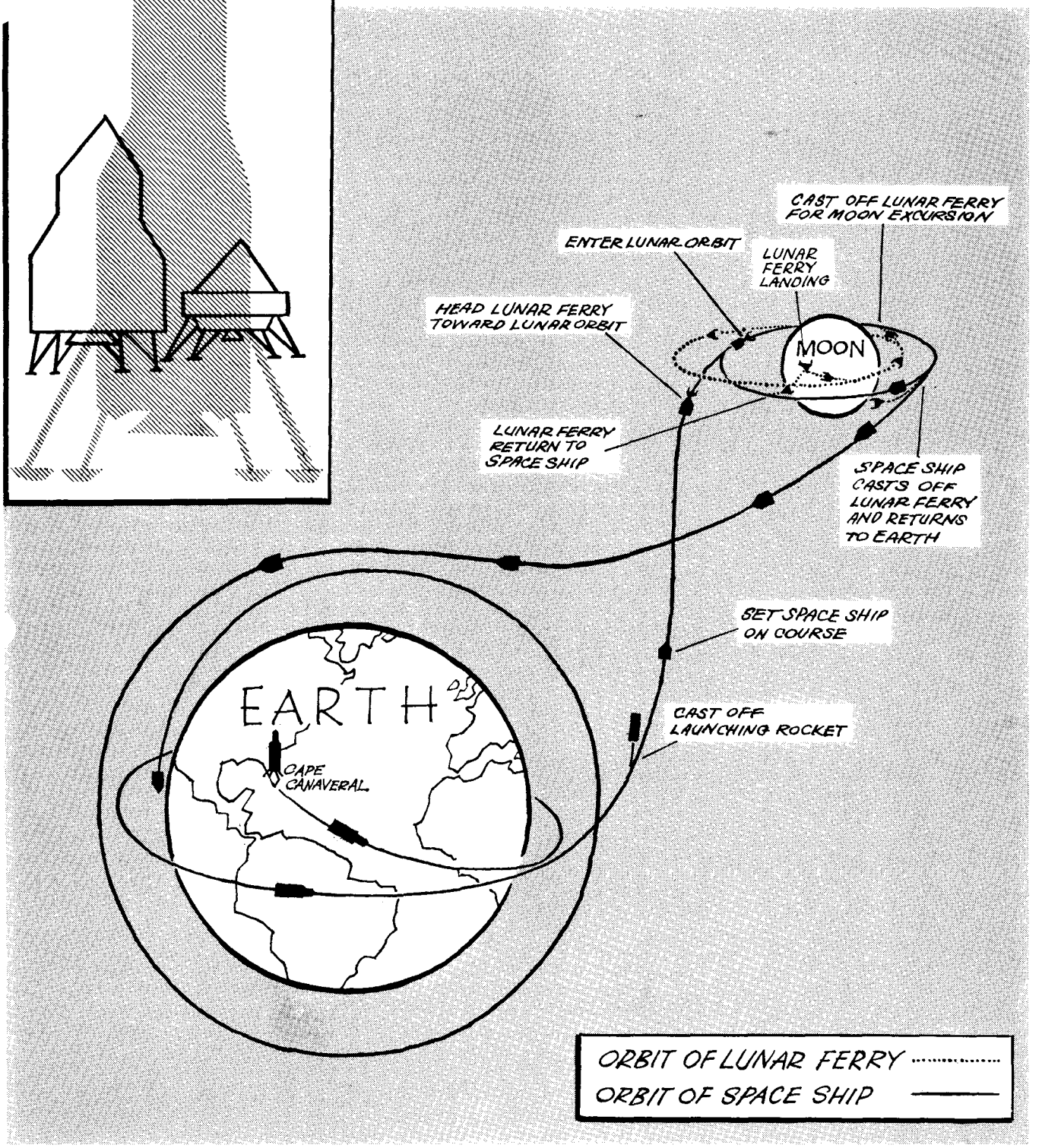


Key to NASA's gamble on sending spaceship into lunar orbit and then dropping ferryboat from that orbit onto moon is in relative sizes of figures at left.


CAST OFF LUNAR FERRY FOR MOON EXCURSION
ENTER LUNAR ORBIT
LUNAR FERRY LANDING
HEAD LUNAR FERRY TOWARD LUNAR ORBIT
MOON
LUNAR FERRY RETURN TO SPACE SHIP
SPACE SHIP CASTS OFF LUNAR FERRY AND RETURNS TO EARTH
SET SPACE SHIP ON COURSE
EARTH
CAPE CANAVERAL
CAST OFF LAUNCHING ROCKET
ORBIT OF LUNAR FERRY
ORBIT OF SPACE SHIP

Original American plan for reaching the moon called for a rocket big enough to reach the moon in one swoop and land intact on the moon's surface a vehicle and fuel capable of returning to earth. The enormous launching ship was to be called the Nova. Its original payload is represented by the big gray rocket in the inset, top left. With only seven years remaining on President Kennedy's timetable, construction of the Nova has not yet started. Chances of finishing it in time are so low as to be almost hopeless. Without abandoning the President's schedule, what could be done? NASA first tried to reduce the payload, got it down to the middle-sized figure in the inset above. That was still too big for comfort. So NASA turned to the idea of launching two smaller rockets into orbit around the earth, one after the other, and linking them together in flight before going on to the moon. But that involved one too many launchings for a fast schedule. Finally, a way was seen to use only one small rocket. That way was to make the payload very small (lowbrow duncecap in the inset), for every pound saved on it meant a saving of 1,000 or more pounds on the launching rocket.

The schematic above shows how spaceship enters lunar orbit 100 miles off moon. Two of the three men aboard transfer to the lunar ferry and drop into a different orbit ten to 150 miles from the moon. While the spaceship continues circling, the ferry drops out of its ten-mile perigee onto the moon, stays awhile, comes back to the spaceship, heads for home.

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

THE REVERSAL OF DEATH

New Frontier in Soviet Science?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Almost unknown to the American people, there has been taking place in recent years, in various parts of the world, including this country, a revolutionary shift in the approach to the study of death. To the old and established ways of preventing death has been added the possibility of reversing death, and windows have been opened onto understanding of the infinite metabolisms involved in the process of dying.*

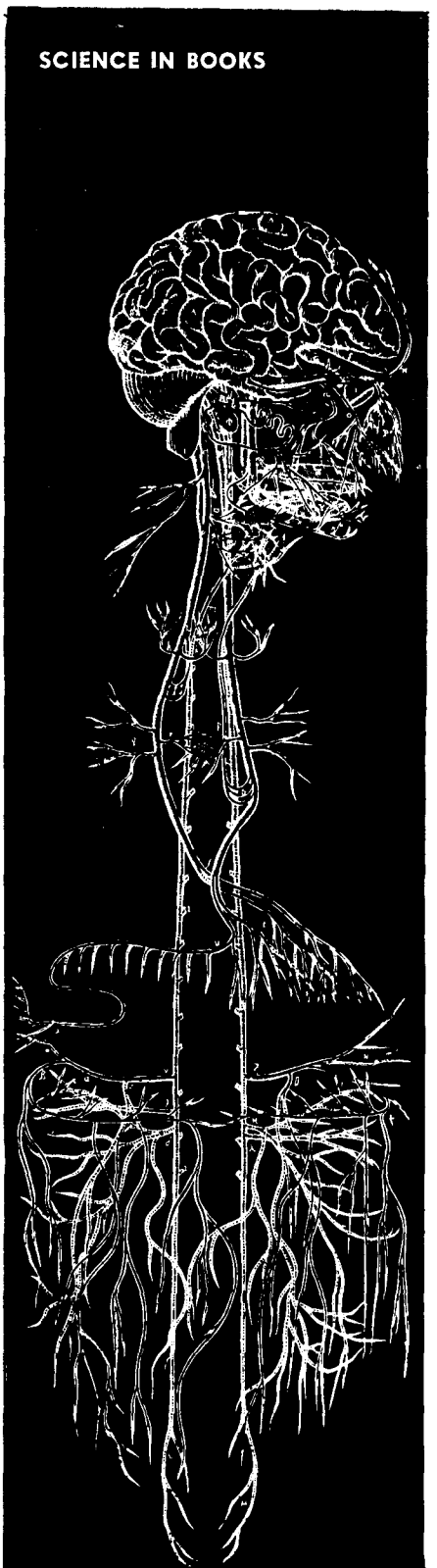
Although some of the very first steps in this fundamental innovation were taken in the United States, medical researchers of the Soviet Union have dominated this rapidly expanding frontier. Their work is known to American specialists who have visited modern Russia and to those who can read the Russian experimental literature in the original. But few physicians and even fewer laymen in this country have had any access to information about this historic development.

At last, during this month of August 1962, there is scheduled for publication here, in English, a summary report of Russian research and accomplishment in resuscitation of animals and humans. Written by a distinguished member of the Academy of Medical Sciences of the U. S. S. R., Professor V. A. Negovskii, the manuscript will appear in book form under the colophon of Plenum Press, Inc. Its title: "Resuscitation and Artificial Hypothermia."

The gist of Professor Negovskii's message is that knowledge about the heart and lungs has now reached the point where a stopped heart can be re-started almost at will. The remaining problem in reversal of death is simply that the cerebral cortex, the familiar "gray matter" of the brain, the ultimate control of man's behavior as a civilized being, can survive anoxia—deprivation of energy-giving oxygen—only five to eight minutes. That brief period the Soviet experimenters call clinical death. *Once it has passed, biological death and gradual decomposition of the body occur.*

In his laboratory in Moscow, Professor Negovskii has applied hypothermia to the task of reversing death. Hypothermia is the process of cooling the body int a state of quiescent animation, either by immersion in cracked ice or in a blanket of refrigerated air, or by direct lowering of the temperature of the circulating blood. In this manner the five-to-eight-minute interval between clinical death *and biological death at room temperature can be extended considerably. Professor Negovskii has, in fact, extended the crucial time period to a full hour in experimental animals. The question now is how far treatment which includes hypothermia can stretch the survival time of a threatened brain in man.*

It should be borne in mind, in reading the text below, that the subject here is sudden death *such as occurs in violent accidents entailing massive loss of blood, in complex surgical operations, in childbirth, or in heart attacks. The assumption is that the individual victims of conventional death are still capable of constructive and happy contribution to society. Although an ultimate effect may be to lengthen the span of the statistically average lifetime, the main purpose is not to extend an already socially-spent existence.*



THE HUMAN NERVOUS SYSTEM, ULTIMATE CONTROL OF LIFE. (FROM "THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF ANDREAS VESALIUS". WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY)

AS a result of the accumulation of vast clinical experience of resuscitation of the dying, it is becoming increasingly clear that terminal states of life must and can be treated. Although terminal states have hardly been mentioned in the literature until comparatively recently, during the last few years they have formed the subject of a growing number of clinical and experimental papers. This suggests that a special class of biological phenomena has been isolated and requires definition.

By *terminal states* we mean the terminal stages of life which, if not treated successfully, are immediately followed by irreversible biological death.

Severe degrees of shock [the profound depression which follows sudden loss of blood] are characterized by many features representing the disturbance and extinction of the vital functions. These, like the various forms of coma, should be classed as preterminal states. In them, there is a gradually increasing extinction of the functions of the cardiovascular system and of respiration [i.e., deceleration and finally stoppage of the heartbeat, cessation of breathing], accompanied by periods of excitation of the cerebral cortex [the outer cover of the brain, in which the main center of the body's nervous system is housed] aimed at mobilizing all the resources of the body to avert death.

It is obvious that all the systems of the body suffer damage during the process of dying, but the structure that

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suffers most is the cortex. As its blood supply diminishes, the oxygen [from which the cortex draws energy for its aster-minding tasks] is depleted and .ie periods of cortical excitement give way to inhibition of the cortex and of the neighboring subcortex, shown outwardly by somnolence and apathy. A marked excess of adrenalin [the heart-stimulating hormone] is always present in the blood during the initial stages of shock. The power of this compensatory mechanism is not unlimited, however; as it becomes exhausted, stimulation of the functions of all the systems of the body is replaced by depression.

The next stage of development of the terminal state of life is *agony*. During this period, the functioning of the cerebral cortex is profoundly disturbed; its regulating influence over the medulla [the motor control unit at the base of the brain] is lifted, and mobilization of all the factors of resistance of dying is transferred to the lower divisions of the central nervous system [medulla and spinal cord], primarily to the bulbar centers [in the medulla]. The waning cardiac and respiratory functions are again stimulated strongly, and all remaining reserves of energy are mobilized. Reflex reactions go into play at this stage of ·ing. The blood very often is redis-.buted by spasm of the peripheral vessels and dilation of the cerebral and coronary [heart] vessels, the effect being to maintain total blood flow to the brain and the heart muscle as long as possible. Depending on the cause of death and the character of the compensatory reactions of the body, the duration of *agony* may vary from a few minutes to several hours.

THE last stage of development of the terminal states of life is *clinical death*. This also is a comparatively new concept. Originally the term *clinical death* was used in the sense that after the cardiac activity and respiration had ceased, the electrical activity of the heart persisted for some time and could be recorded. This observation is perfectly correct, but it is insufficient to define the modern view of this stage of the terminal state of life. By *clinical death*, we imply rather the final, but in many cases still reversible, stage of dying. At this time the cardiac activity and respiration have ceased; consciousness has usually been lost before this stage, but life at some low level is still ·esent—an isolated, primitive life of .dividual tissues and organs.

Further investigations will provide a more adequate account of the pathophysiology of *clinical death*. At present we can only say that *clinical death* is a transitional state between life and death, and that it closely resembles death of the complex organism, although elements of life are retained which, in suitable conditions, may serve as the basis of resuscitation by the provisions of appropriate measures. In other words, *clinical death* is the interval of time during which the higher divisions of the brain may survive after cessation of cardiac activity and respiration.

The clinical literature contains no account of any accurately timed case in which the functions of the higher divisions of the central nervous system were fully restored after *clinical death* lasting longer than five to six minutes, or, in individual instances when conditions were especially favorable (rapid onset of death, low environmental temperature), seven to eight minutes. Moreover, clinical observations have repeatedly confirmed that although resuscitation is possible after prolonged *clinical death*, it is restricted to the restoration of isolated functions only—the cardiac activity, respiration, and the functions of the lower divisions of the central nervous system; the higher divisions are not restored under these conditions. The resuscitated patients remain mentally abnormal.

WE cannot consider the duration of the period of *clinical death* without taking account of the period of impending death. Sometimes this period is so long and exhausting that restoration of the vital functions, especially of a patient suffering from some disease, cannot be effective more than a few seconds after the onset of clinical death. Usually the higher divisions of the brain mobilize all their means of defense in the initial period of impending death, and begin to suffer increasingly from circulatory insufficiency, and live as it were on "starvation rations." Life cannot be maintained for long at a low arterial pressure, even though the pressure may prove adequate to maintain the vital activities of the medulla (respiration) and the heart muscle for twenty-four hours or more.

This shows how urgently necessary it is to give active treatment in the early stages of impending death, i.e., in the preagonal or *agonal* period, when the doctor has not just minutes at his disposal but tens of minutes, or hours.

Today we know of no method of directly influencing the higher divisions of the brain in order to promote their recovery. The methods of treatment of terminal states are therefore directed primarily to the restoration of the cardiac activity and of respiration, for restoration of the circulatory and respiratory functions may lead to the normal functioning of the remaining organs.

Intra-arterial blood transfusion [a process distinct from the usual blood transfusion, which is made through the veins] is one of the main methods by means of which heart action may be restored. During the second world war this method was used along with others to successfully resuscitate wounded patients not only in states of severe shock and *agony* but even during *clinical death*. Over 3,500 cases of treatment of patients by this means had been published in the Soviet Union by 1958, and the method has been accepted and applied both in the major surgical clinic and in many district and even country hospitals.

INTRA-arterial blood transfusions are injected centripetally (i.e., toward the heart) into an artery, so that coronary blood flow is restored and some blood enters the brain. Any tissue of the body, including the heart muscle, can respond to reflex stimulation only if provided with the necessary conditions of existence or, in other words, if it receives oxygen and nutrient material. It is not surprising, therefore, that considerable experimental evidence collected in our laboratory, supported by clinical observations, demonstrates that the efficacy of intra-arterial blood transfusion is increased greatly by preliminary oxygenation of the blood. If venous blood is injected, the same amount of oxygen can reach the vital organs only after the blood has passed through the lungs. Massive intravenous blood transfusion under pressure is not equivalent to intra-arterial transfusion: the more severe the terminal state, the less effective are massive intravenous blood transfusions.

A fundamental principle established during the study of terminal states is that the respiratory center is of special importance so far as the outcome of resuscitation is concerned. It has already been noted that extinction of the functions of the central nervous system begins in the cerebral cortex. The bulbar region is more resistant to the processes causing death, and during resuscitation that region recovers sooner than the higher divisions of the brain. The development of a focus of excitation in the medulla is an essential condition of resuscitation of the cortex. The restoration of the activity of the respiratory center is therefore a very important factor.

The fact that artificial respiration must be applied as quickly as possible, and preferably at the same time as intra-arterial blood transfusion, has been pointed out in many publications issuing from our laboratory. This point of view is in almost complete agreement with the statements made by

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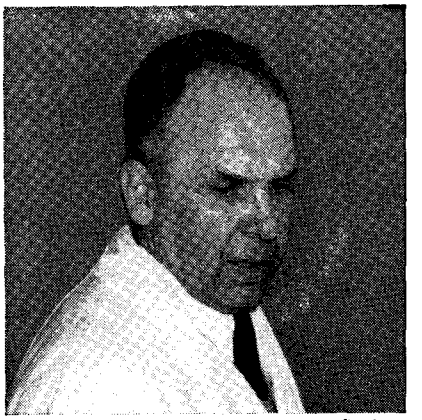
most contemporary researchers in the field of resuscitation.

When artificial respiration is used in the treatment of terminal states, it must ensure the required pulmonary ventilation and contribute to the restoration of spontaneous breathing. To restore spontaneous respiration, not only must the exchange of gases between the blood and air be effected, but it is also important to cause reflex stimulation of the respiratory center in the medulla. Nowadays these requirements are satisfied to a high degree by apparatus which actively inflates and deflates the lungs. Besides providing good ventilation, they also to some extent massage the heart, and so help to restore the circulation of the blood. In the most highly perfected apparatuses the alternation of inspiration and expiration is effected automatically, in relation to the gas pressure within the lungs during inspiration and the negative pressure during expiration. Soviet respirators of this type were produced in collaboration with the Laboratory of Experimental Physiology in Resuscitation of the Academy of Medical Sciences of the USSR.

Besides these respirators of relatively complicated construction, there are simpler types consisting of rubber bellows or bags with a system of valves, allowing active inspiration (inflation with air) only, expiration taking place passively. These apparatuses may be used for first-aid purposes and when patients must receive artificial respiration while being carried on a stretcher or in an ambulance.

The appearance of the first spontaneous inspiration is evidence that a focus of excitation has developed in the medulla. The sooner it appears, the sooner the excitation will spread from this region to the higher divisions of the brain, the sooner the cortex will revive, and the prognosis of resuscitation will be favorable.

WE still do not know the ways and means necessary for restoring the activity of the bulbar region if during resuscitation inspiration fails to appear despite prolonged artificial respiration (sometimes for thirty to sixty minutes or more). Nor do we yet fully understand those admittedly rare cases in which, despite the late appearance of the first inspiration, the higher divisions of the central nervous system are restored to activity. Of the 1200 experiments performed in our laboratory during recent years, results of this type were observed in only fourteen animals. As a rule the process of dying did not last longer than twelve to fifteen minutes; *clinical death* lasted



—*Sovfoto*

Dr. V. A. Negovskii, whose experiments in restoring life after death have brought scientists from everywhere to his laboratory.

five minutes in ten experiments, and six and seven minutes in two experiments each. It is evident that in these animals an early restoration of the functions of the bulbar centers took place, apart from an isolated inhibition of the respiratory center. Excitation in the bulbar region led to the restoration of the higher divisions of the brainstem, followed by that of the higher divisions of the brain.

Some interesting research has shown that acidosis plays an important part in the appearance and development of the pathological processes occurring during resuscitation. If it [the excess acid] is removed early by means of the intravenous injection of sodium bicarbonate, this contributes to the speedier restoration of the vital functions after *clinical death* lasting five to seven minutes, and to an increase in the proportion of experimental animals to survive.

Biochemical and physiological investigations show that the use of stimulants is useless, as a rule, at the beginning of resuscitation. The explanation may lie in the nature of the tissue metabolism taking place in the higher divisions of the brain, and also in the functional state of these divisions during the development and in the course of *clinical death*. It is difficult to expect a lasting effect from stimulation of tissues living on starvation rations and, from the point of view of function, at the limit of exhaustion; it is not therefore surprising that both experimental and clinical workers consider that drugs like caffeine should not be used in resuscitation, for by causing excitation of the brain they increase metabolism and the oxygen demand of the brain cells, already suffering from oxygen lack, and thus hasten the patient's death.

It is clear from the foregoing remarks that further research is necessary into the question of drugs or other methods capable of stimulating oxidation during resuscitation (cytochrome may be useful here). It is difficult to say at present how useful it would be to administer readily utilizable source of energy during resuscitation. Research here would be highly interesting.

Pressure on the islets [of Langerhans] apparatus [ductless cells of the pancreas, degeneration of which is associated with diabetes] caused both by hyperglycemia [excess of blood sugar] arising in the recovery period and by the administration of large amounts of glycose [a form of sugar] with the transfused blood, suggests that it may be desirable to give insulin during the initial period of resuscitation. Hypothermia [artificial cooling of the body below its normal temperature range] considerably retards the dissipation of the energy reserves of the body during the development and in the course of *clinical death*, and enables the vital functions to be restored after periods of *clinical death* much longer than five or six minutes. This statement has now been confirmed biochemically and physiologically. However, the use of drug combinations producing artificial hibernation has been shown experimentally to give negative results. Resuscitation is possible only with difficulty if these drugs are used, even after *clinical death* lasting only five to six minutes. Nevertheless, the idea of pharmacological hibernation is of considerable interest, and it would be a matter of the greatest importance if a group of drugs could be discovered which would, like hypothermia, lower the energy requirements of the body during the development of terminal states, yet would not depress so severely the reactions of the body as a whole.

The points discussed above naturally do not exhaust the problems concerned with the prevention of terminal states of life. Many of the problems are still unknown.

RESUSCITATION outside the operating room, admittedly still a rare event, is of particular interest. Such cases show quite clearly that if a sufficiently large number of persons are well trained and versed in the various methods of resuscitation, so that these methods become more widely practiced, it will be possible to treat *clinical death* not only in the hospital, but everywhere that cardiac arrest may take place.

One method of resuscitation that has become rather well known is cardiac massage. Since the principal factor determining the success of cardiac massage is the timeliness of its application, it must be performed by the doctor who first discovers the cardiac arrest. Where possible he should quickly put on rubber gloves and paint the opera-

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tion area with iodine; otherwise, he should pay no attention to sterility, for the slightest delay may cause disaster. The chest must be opened, and the heart muscle manipulated rhythmically between the palms of the hands. The literature includes a report of one patient being resuscitated successfully and subsequently returning to work after cardiac massage lasting eight hours.

A "mechanical heart massager" was described in 1957. This consists essentially of a metal or nylon bag which is fixed over the heart. Rubber membranes in the walls of this device are compressed rhythmically by means of air pumped in from a special apparatus. By compressing the ventricles of the heart in this way, pressure is maintained in the peripheral arteries until the heart begins to contract spontaneously. Another mechanical method of cardiac massage uses suction pads which produce active diastole [the relaxing phase of the heartbeat, during which blood fills the chamber in readiness for expulsion by contraction of the heart muscle]. Although the pressure is no higher than with the manual method, a greater volume of oxygenated blood can be circulated each minute. Furthermore, in case it should prove necessary to carry out defibrillation, the suction pads can be used as electrodes for electrical stimulation.

Defibrillation, as the word suggests, is the process of reversing fibrillation. Fibrillation is characterized by total loss of coordination in the action of the heart muscle. Instead of the normally alternating contractions and relaxations of the entire heart muscle, in fibrillation individual muscle bundles contract disconnectedly and at different times. These haphazard contractions cannot sustain the normal work of the heart as a pump. Inspection of the fibrillating heart shows uninterrupted small contractions, and on palpation [examination by touch] the characteristic sensation of wormlike movements is felt over the whole surface. If steps are not taken to remove fibrillation artificially, it will lead inevitably and quickly to death.

The method of treating fibrillation is to stop the heart altogether, either by electrical shock or chemical injection, and then restart the organ with regular rhythm. Experiments have shown that electrical stimulation can sustain the effective action of the heart only in cases of arrest due to a disturbance of the nervous system. In cases of cardiac arrest caused by anoxia or poisoning by anesthetics, electrical stimulation is ineffective. It is interesting that when the heart stops beating as a result of severe cooling of the body, the muscle preserves its excitability and is able to respond with effective contractions to electrical stimulation.

THE question of the management of the recovery period has been almost completely neglected. Yet how important it is not only to revive but also to survive! It often happens that the action of the heart, the respiration, and the function of the central nervous system are restored, but for some reason or other, the resuscitated patient dies. It used to be said that the patient died from secondary shock, but that does not solve the problem. We must discover the specific principles governing the increased vulnerability of the resuscitated organism, and find adequate methods of treating it. Our knowledge in this field is at present far from adequate.

Unfortunately, we have carried out no special investigations of the pattern of restoration of the higher nervous activity in human patients after resuscitation, but an analysis of the available clinical evidence confirms Pavlov's views. Speech and the mental functions are restored much later after resuscitation than the other brain functions. In man complete anoxia for a period of ten seconds causes loss of consciousness; after anoxia for twenty to thirty seconds, the electrical activity of the cortex ceases; anoxia for three to five minutes causes irreversible damage to the brain.

Some interesting and pertinent clinical observations on the order of restoration of functions after anoxia were made in 1957. A period of coma and rigidity is followed by a phase of complete mental disorder and apraxia [impairment of nervous control of movement]. Initially the patient is dumb. A sensory aphasia [speech impairment] is observed, which rapidly passes off.

AT PRESS TIME FOR THIS ISSUE OF SR, V. A. Negovskii, Soviet science academician and author of the book excerpted in adjacent columns, was still revising the chapter which holds greatest excitement for the future. Before the volume goes to the bindery, he presumably will insert up-to-date documentation of work done in his laboratory on reversal of death with the help of hypothermia. That his newest findings are startling has been suggested in another Russian manuscript published recently by Plenum Press. Written by V. P. Demikhov, this latter book bears the title, "Experimental Transplantation of Vital Organs."

Soviet scientist Demikhov foresees resuscitation of human bodies whose brains are past recovery, and maintenance of those cadavers in a vegetative state of life for whatever lengths of time may pass until the healthy organs within are needed for transplantation to the bodies of people still possessed of their mental faculties. Author Demikhov believes that through experimentation man will learn to modify the natural immunity which now causes one body to slough off any tissue not its own. Although the weight of research experience up to now is against him, he has succeeded in grafting a puppy's head onto the neck of an adult dog in nineteen of twenty tries. The transplants have survived variously from one to twenty-nine days.

"In all cases," author Demikhov writes, "after the recipient dog [recipient of the extra head, that is] had come around from the anesthetic . . . the transplanted head also woke up. . . . The transplanted head reacted briskly to the surroundings, had an intelligent expression, looked people approaching it in the eye, licked when it saw a bowl of milk, and eagerly lapped up milk or water. If a finger was carefully extended towards it, it would lick the finger, but at a moment of stimulation it would bite maliciously.

"When the recipient dog stood up and the transplanted head experienced discomfort or pain, it [the extra head] bit the recipient dog behind the ear. . . . When the temperature of the room rose . . . the transplanted head put out its tongue and carried out rapid respiratory movements. . . .

"The transplanted head fell asleep irrespective of whether the recipient dog was awake or asleep. . . . When the recipient dog's appetite was increased, the transplanted head also developed an appetite; at the sight of food, the latter licked its lips, and when it was given meat it began to eat. . . ."

The schematic [right] shows how the arterial and venous systems of the host dog and its guest head were joined to their respective counterparts.

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Speech is restored, but at first the patient speaks slowly, inarticulately, and disjointedly. He is disoriented in space and time and his memory is impaired. His behavior is childish. The aphasia regresses sooner than the disturbance of memory. The restoration of the intellect may be complete or partial, and the principal complication is the establishment of memory by fixation.

The medical rule that every case is individual is no less applicable to resuscitation than to other forms of clinical treatment. There is little doubt that ten minutes after the cessation of cardiac activity and respiration at ordinary temperatures, *clinical death* changes into biological, i.e., irreversible death, although it cannot be stated with accuracy when this change takes place in any given patient. The individual event depends on many and very different causes. If the process causing death is prolonged and exhausting, *clinical death* may give way to biological death during the first minute or minutes after cardiac activity and respiration cease. In the case of a young and healthy patient or animal, the change takes place later.

If inhibition or extreme excitation of the cerebral cortex is present during the terminal process, this will also be reflected in the duration of *clinical death. Clinical death* changes into biological death in a deeply anesthetized patient at a different time from that of the unanesthetized patient. The particular moment (before the onset of *clinical death*) at which intravenous blood transfusion becomes ineffective and must be replaced by intra-arterial transfusion may shift very considerably depending on various conditions. If *agony* is prolonged, for example, intra-arterial transfusion must be given as quickly as possible in order to shorten the period of relative cerebral anemia. The limit beyond which artificial respiration with oxygen is harmful also shifts. Inhalation of pure oxygen is beneficial during the early stages of the terminal period, and possibly during the first one or two minutes of *clinical death;* but in the third or fourth minute of *clinical death* only air must be given for inhalation; the administration of pure oxygen then causes death in experimental animals within twenty-four hours after resuscitation. Strong, well-balanced, and active experimental animals can be exsanguinated (drained of blood) and then returned to life easily by appropriate resuscitatory treatment, while excitable and weak animals respond to identical treatment after sanguination slowly and less successfully. So the individual constitution is another variable in the terminal stages of life just as it is in sounder states of being. Even the generality that the cerebral cortex is the most vulnerable part of the body and is first to suffer extinction of function during impending death does not always hold true. Cases may occur, especially in clinical practice, where the diverse mechanisms of the brain are particularly active during the period of development of a terminal state, mainly because of prolonged preservation of the cerebral circulation (consciousness is not lost for a long time) and of the early development of vascular spasm in all the other tissues and organs. In these cases the immediate cause of death is not the state of the cerebral cortex, but rather the total failure of the liver, the kidneys, and to some extent even the heart.

Hundreds of people have been restored to life from the state of *clinical death,* however. Theoretical planned methods of resuscitation have been applied to the treatment of the dying patient. Remarkable prospects await the further development of this new field of science, the investigation of the laws governing extinction and restoration of the vital functions. We have already mentioned the increasing attention being paid by doctors and by workers in theoretical branches of medical science to the problem of resuscitation. More and more papers are being published on this subject in the scientific literature. Pathologists, obstetricians, gynecologists, surgeons, anesthetists, and internists have attended courses on resuscitation held at regular intervals in our laboratory. During the last five years, more than 17,500 doctors from every corner of the Soviet Union have gained knowledge of the main points concerning the pathology and treatment of the terminal states of life.

Perhaps more so than any other field of science, the problem of resuscitation is organically bound up with philosophical problems. With dialectical materialism as our guide, and strengthening its bond with practice, we can count on reaching a successful solution. . . . This presupposes the future intensification of theoretical research. We may recall one of Lenin's thoughts expressed in a different context, but perfectly applicable here: "It is all a matter of not allowing ourselves to be satisfied by what we have learned from previous experience, but of going further and further, reaching higher and higher, and of always moving on from easier to more difficult tasks. Otherwise progress is impossible. . . ." With the growth of our country and the powerful development of our science, there is no doubt that research into the terminal state of life will be extended and intensified. By the united efforts of experimental and clinical workers the battle against sudden death, in which Soviet scientists are deeply committed, will be successfully won.

THERE is now a real chance of abolishing mortality from blood loss, especially in obstetric practice, unless death is due to other causes incompatible with the life of the injured tissues and organs. Terminal states caused by massive hemorrhage from an extrauterine pregnancy, placenta praevia, rupture of the uterus, or atonic bleeding are direct indications for the use of intra-arterial blood transfusion. Death from these causes is inexcusable, for by means of intra-arterial blood transfusion complete restoration of the vital functions can be achieved in many cases if properly organized treatment is available. Much of what has been studied experimentally and observed in traumatological and surgical clinics during the treatments of *agony* and *clinical death* can be applied in maternity clinics not only to protect the lives of pregnant women but to save their babies from neonatal asphyxia.

In view of the rapid development of research in the field of treatment of terminal states, we can confidently state that the time is near when failure of the doctor to take active resuscitation measures on persons dying from, for example, blood loss, general anesthesia, and so on, will be regarded as a case for legal action. To take a more long-term view of this problem, we may prophesy that perhaps at the end of the twentieth or the beginning of the twenty-first centuries active and successful treatment will be given in a case of sudden death.

—V. A. NEGOVSKII
in "Resuscitation
and Artificial Hypothermia"
(Plenum Press, $12.50)

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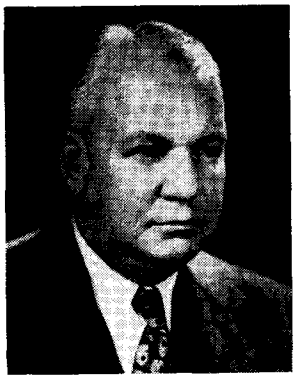
THE RESEARCH FRONTIER



—Western Reserve.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *To a point where a surgeon unfamiliar with the techniques for reversing death will not be welcome near a hospital operating room? The famous Russian medical research pioneer, Professor V. A. Negovskii, conveys that suggestion in the book excerpted in the preceding pages. In his introduction he attributes original authorship of that conclusion to Dr. Claude S. Beck, professor of cardiovascular surgery at Western Reserve University Medical School in Cleveland, O.*

Noted for daring with artificial hearts and lungs, Dr. Beck has done hundreds of animal experiments in search of ways and means of abolishing the heart attack as a major cause of death in man. Below are passages from the preface he wrote to the American edition of "Resuscitation and Artificial Hypothermia," which was translated from the Russian by Consultants Bureau, Inc.

BY CLAUDE S. BECK, M.D.

Western Reserve University

PROFESSOR NEGOVSKII'S BOOK should be in every medical library. Almost every research worker in this area will want it. Clinicians, cardiologists, surgeons, and medical students will find important information in it.

Published in the Soviet Union in 1961, it contains forty-nine illustrations and 336 references to Soviet literature (110 of which were published before 1950 and 226 since) and some 530 references to the non-Soviet literature.

Professor Negovskii is director of the institute in Moscow where investigations on this subject are carried out. The building is one of a row of typical four-story Moscow residences. In this old and poorly equipped building are some twenty full-time scientists working with great devotion under the direction of Negovskii. The institute has laboratories for physiology, metabolic studies, histology; a soundproof room for conditioned reflexes; and an area for the development of apparatus for defibrillation and other electrical equipment. A liaison exists between this institute and the hospitals of the Soviet Union.

Negovskii concludes his introduction to the book thus:

> "Because of the vast scale of research on hypothermia in the Soviet Union and elsewhere, we deemed it imperative to study this problem with particular reference to its bearing on the use of artificial cooling in the treatment of terminal states. At the present time in the study of the pathophysiology and in the treatment of states of agony and clinical death, increasing use is being made of the fact that hypothermia, when properly applied, prolongs the period during which the brain and other tissues can survive general anemia. The need has arisen to summarize the more important findings obtained during research into resuscitation in recent years, and it was this that led the author to write this monograph. If the material it contains proves helpful to those working in the fields of the pathophysiology and treatment of terminal states, the author will consider his objective fulfilled."

In his conclusion, Professor Negovskii states that:

> ". . . The successful solution of resuscitation is bound up with training. We can now state with pride that the ranks of the many experimental researchers concerned with resuscitation for several years are being swelled by groups of young scientific workers. . . . A practical problem is to make the use of resuscitation more widespread. . . ."

In our [Western Reserve University Medical School] laboratory, machine life has been provided in dogs fibrillating for 120 minutes. Such machine maintenance of life will allow the victim to be transported to a medical center where the heart can be defibrillated and the heartbeat restored. A new medical specialty—resuscitology— is thus being born.

It is obvious that the Soviet Union is placing resuscitation in a showcase for the world to look at. It is obvious also that the world is going to have to look at it. The Soviet scientists have earned an important place in the development of this subject. They have the forward thinking to recognize that a new medical specialty has been created, and they have centralized authority to put their ideas across.

WHERE are we in the USA?

We take satisfaction in our individualism. We can be static in our attitudes without being criticized. Indeed the American M.D. does not have to learn. He can walk away from the death scene instead of running to it.

We scarcely know that the fatal heart attack can be erased and never recur. We scarcely know that over one half of the coronary victims could be revived if conditions were right at the moment of death.

The first defibrillation of a human heart was achieved in America, the first reversal of a fatal heart attack was accomplished in America, the first application of resuscitation beyond the confines of the hospital took place in this country. Mouth-to-mouth breathing and closed chest pumping of the heart (Crile 1912) were developed in this country. But it is fair to say that America has not yet awakened to the new future.

Our medical scientists seem to be conditioned by the belief that physiological manifestations are necessarily related to morbid disease, which is the basis of the electrocardiogram. Thus the fatal heart attack is produced by injury to muscle and injury current. Our leaders in cardiology are quoted as saying in substance ("Congressional Record," March 5, 1959, p. A1807) that they do not know "the cause of death after a clean bill of health," i.e., death in a good heart.

A discussion of coronary artery disease appears in "Modern Concepts of Cardiovascular Disease," January 1962. In this article a medical cardiologist refers to anticoagulants and states that "in a word, preventive is to be the battle cry of the future," as though there is nothing else of importance concerning this disease.

It seems that our attitudes must be revolutionized, because the experiment is far beyond the clinician. This revolution would be facilitated if we had in this country an Institute for the Study of the Environment of Death. One such institute (comparable to our many cancer institutes) would focus attention on the prevention of death, the reversal of death, and the complex biological problems of the dying process. There is scarcely any more pressing medical problem. Strange, indeed, that America needs this nudge from Russia—and fortunate that we have had it.

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The Public Happiness

Continued from page 10

tional cultural center would seem to be it.

The carrying out of an enterprise by the public means more than paying for it out of public funds. It means that the public is involved in the whole process of planning and ordering the work. If it is an anomaly that public works should be financed privately, it is no less one that they should be conceived and carried through by administrative agencies cut off from the political sphere and the intrinsic desires and values of the community.

The bureaucrat with zeal and dedication may accomplish what a citizens committee or a legislative body would postpone indefinitely amid conflicting interests. One thinks, for example, of the roads and parks which New York City owes almost exclusively to the energetic Mr. Robert Moses. But Mr. Moses has often seemed to care more for cars than for the community; his idea of a thriving downtown area is one caught in a traffic jam. In the long run a city will pay for having left to an administrator, even an able administrator and distinguished public servant, the ordering of its life through massive destructions and constructions. The great works affect the public; but they have not been shaped by the concern of the public, warmed by its experience and made harmonious with its underlying conception of what a city should be.

The second meaning of "public" in this connection is that the work be in the common interest. There is no need to define this narrowly; but it does seem worth pointing out that in our society, with its weakened conception of the public sphere, the undertakings of government are usually to promote an aggregate of private interests, rather than the interests which the people share as a people.

To illustrate the distinction: Money spent on a network of roads is for the purpose of giving the individual with his automobile a chance to move about more rapidly and freely. Money spent on a system of mass transportation, however, is so that the public, *qua* public, can get about. Today, needless to emphasize, the roads are being magnificently developed, while mass transportation languishes. Again, a hospital is built so that individuals can be cared for as individuals, in the loneliest and most personal of human ordeals. Parks, on the other hand, are built for the public in its search of common enjoyment. This is not a matter of being against roads or hospitals; but it is a striking fact that the most public of public works, those that reinforce the very concept of a public sphere, are not only neglected, but are often felt to be outside the proper sphere of government.

Works which are truly public are comparatively few in the communities we know, but they are very precious and the source of much that is enjoyable in the common life. They comprise those things which make for neighborliness and a sense of roots, which remind us we are one with other generations, and which give us peace in surroundings that keep the spirit whole. They make the city, in that they determine whether it shall be an agglomeration of separate buildings or a unity within which men find their lives enhanced. Communities that preserve the human scale, and yet lift the individual to preoccupations and concerns larger than those which hem his daily existence, will be found blessed with works sprung from common participation and shaped by common values.

The welfare state might be defined as that which seeks by concerted action to increase the private comforts and satisfactions of its citizens. The state as we have been interpreting it has an essentially different objective. It seeks through concerted action to lift men above private comforts and to give them some vision of a public happiness. The citizens of such a state will have found themselves, because they will have found the purposes and values which they share with others; they will have come out of their subjective mists to establish contact with the real world.

The world is around them, not formless and unintelligible, but shaped by their efforts and made human by their understanding. This world, too, shall pass. Like everything else, like their private pleasures and their fleeting possessions, it is essentially vanity and dust. But in creating this world, in shaping these works, men are made more confident of their own destiny.

Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 13

if there was no game! My student teache walked away in disgust.

May I submit that until the high school students of the country, including the "intellectual" ones, are ready to give up their spectator sports in favor of a lively intellectual atmosphere of discussion, there will be no climate for developing such intellectuals as Mayo desires to see.

Frances G. van Aalst.

Stanwood, Wash.

FROM HEFFALUMP TO HEWES

Gall bladder or no gall bladder, Henry Morgan in The Phoenix Nest [*SR*, July 7] has no right to commit such an injustice to A. A. Milne's proboscidea. I am referring to Mr. Morgan's elephantine error in the spelling of heffalump (*heffalump*, not hephelump).

Laurence M. Hecht.

Great Neck, N.Y.

Consider this remarkable statement in the course of Mr. Hewes' "Shylock" review [*SR*, July 14]: "The cast around him is less fortuitous."

This is high praise! Many casts appear to be completely accidental. One less so deserves recognition, but I doubt that this is what Mr. Hewes had in mind.

L. F. Southwick.

Wallingford, Conn.

THE EICHMANN CONTROVERSY

In his column about Eichmann [*SR*, July 7] Mr. Ciardi defends his part in the incinerating of Japanese civilians by saying that he would rather burn Japanese than have a Japanese battleship sail into San Francisco Bay. But the fact is that when the fire raid on Tokyo was planned there was no longer any slightest possibility of Japanese battleships sailing into San Francisco Bay; indeed, by that time there were scarcely any Japanese battleships. The burning of Tokyo, like the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, was not a militarily necessary act.

John Holt.

Boston, Mass.

What a polyglot of monosyllabic jargon on only one printed page, soiled with pseudoscientific formulations and prognostications, childish oversimplifications and conclusions, and naive and distasteful analogies.

Mr. Ciardi's message could well be summarized by modifying one sentence of his own tasteless and repugnant association of Shelley and sheep with the tortured victims of Eichmann and German brutality. Mr. Ciardi writes: "But I happen to like lamb chops and I calculatedly refuse to grow sentimental about the butchering of sheep." Mr. Ciardi means: "I calculatedly refuse to grow sentimental about the butchering of six million defenseless men, women, and children."

Bernard J. Shuman.

Atlantic City, N.J.

Analyzing guilt and responsibility for the death of six million Jews is, at best,

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an overwhelming task, but John Ciardi has succeeded in articulating what others had failed to express. Nevertheless I find myself in disagreement with him in part.

First, Mr. Ciardi would have hoped for something more than the death sentence, some scientific inquiry that might have helped "the world . . . know its monsters." "An entire library of research into the conditioning and motivation of such a man would not have been too much," Mr. Ciardi writes.

But such research would not prevent a future Eichmann. Nor would it eliminate the Eichmann in each of us; nor tell us "at what point of sick exclusion does a man become a monster-Eichmann."

The problem of finding the "point of sick exclusion" is not a task of research. It is a task of individuals, a task that can be accomplished only by each of us acting first within our own private and personal consciences, as Mr. Ciardi did when he spoke of his war experiences.

The Eichmann trial is a point of reference. It showed us how thin indeed was the veneer of civilized man. But sparing Eichmann for research would not, in the final analysis, be much insurance for the future.

PAUL DANACEAU.

Washington, D.C.

A BERLIN SOLUTION?

THERE IS A SOLUTION to the Berlin problem which, so far as I know, has never been proposed. That is to ask the Russians to cede the present territory within the limits of the so-called "access routes," from West Germany to Berlin, to the West German government. This would mean that West Germany would have a wedge of territory protruding into East Germany and ending at the borders of the western sectors of Berlin.

This would be a high price to ask the Russians to pay for a guarantee of their western boundaries, and in return we should be willing to pay a high price, namely, recognition of East Germany, and of the Polish and East German boundaries. This would solve not only the Berlin problem but the whole German problem, at least for the time being.

WILLIAM K. AILSHIE.

La Jolla, Calif.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 12, 10, 9, 4, 7, 3, 11, 2, 5, 6, 8, 1. Column Three should read: 4, 3, 8, 11, 1, 6, 9, 5, 10, 2, 7, 12.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 16

lar form of jazz was given its due place in the sun. There were Dixieland groups, mainstream groups, far-out groups, an organ trio, three big bands, and lady singers who covered a range of expression from the insipid to the sardonic.

The Ellington orchestra, accompanied both a "battle" between dancers Bunny Briggs and Baby Lawrence and Aretha Franklin's uninhibited singing. With the composer, Thelonious Monk, at the piano, the band also played "Monk's Dream," as orchestrated by Billy Strayhorn, and it is questionable whether many of those present had ever before heard Monk in such inspired form.

Count Basie's former singers, Jimmy Rushing and Joe Williams, were reunited with him toward the end of a brilliant set. Those hardy perennials, Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins, were added to Harry Edison's quintet in accompanying Joe Williams and, to the surprise of some, drew the crowd to its feet for one of the festival's biggest ovations. Gerry Mulligan joined Dave Brubeck, Coleman Hawkins joined Gerry Mulligan and Bob Brookmeyer, and J. C. Higginbotham and Yank Lawson joined Louis Armstrong. For a finale, there was the remarkable, blind multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk, with at least two new and ingenious horns added to the collection disposed about his person.

The financial and artistic success of the 1962 Newport Jazz Festival proved that when jazz stands firmly on its own feet it can, as writer Maurice Zolotow put it on one of the panel discussions, survive "segregation, the State Department, and attempts to relate it to religion." It can also survive a mésalliance with the symphony. In Newport's outdoor setting, however, it is always dependent upon good weather, and Washington in its first year showed the possibilities of a more intimate type of indoor presentation. A combination of both methods might ensure a rosier future for festival promoters and jazz itself.

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(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued from page 47)

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(Continued on page 50)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1479

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

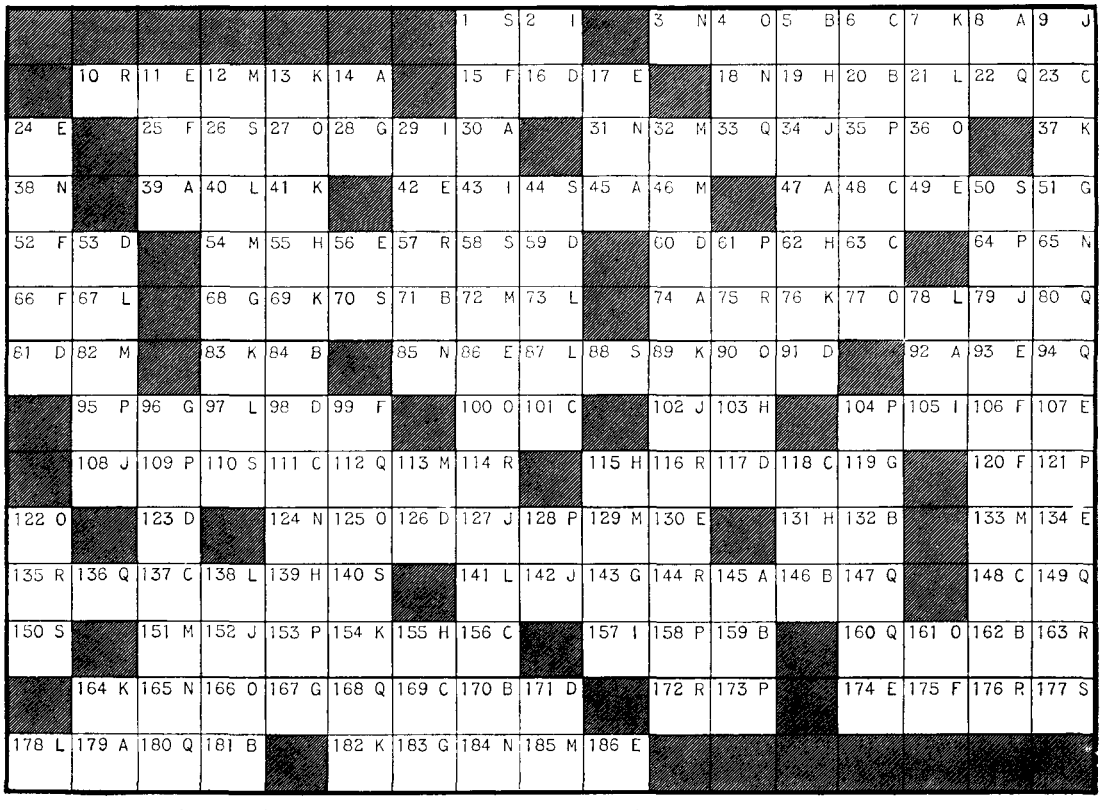
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Term in physics for pertaining to longitudinal stress.	179 145 45 14 30 92 74 39 8 47
B. Great British Jewish philanthropist who died in 1885 at 101.	162 146 181 170 71 132 5 84 20 159
C. Phantom who won "The Ancient Mariner" from the Devil in a dice game (comp.).	111 169 101 156 118 63 23 48 148 6 137
D. Time stipulated in legal matters, so as to make sure of at least 12 months intervening (4 wds.).	171 91 117 81 123 98 59 126 60 16 53
E. Great specialty of Edward Lear (1812-88; 2 wds.).	174 134 49 42 11 56 17 107 186 93 24 86 130
F. Supposed to be favorite haunts of domestic vermin.	25 66 175 99 15 120 52 106
G. A hint which often implies something injurious to a reputation.	183 167 119 51 28 143 68 96
H. Goal of both participants in an argument; colloq., the crowning glory (2 wds.).	19 55 155 103 62 131 139 115
.. One language the well-educated person had to know in Elizabethan times.	29 105 157 43 2

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
J. Formerly the mark of the writer's finger.	108 9 34 127 79 142 102 152
K. Greedy; desirous of possessing.	7 76 164 154 69 13 37 83 89 182 41
L. Patriarch whose name is now given to any very old man.	67 138 73 40 97 78 21 141 87 178
M. Learning; allowance to an undergraduate.	133 72 46 185 12 113 129 82 54 151 32
N. Mythical king, possibly Flemish, said to have invented beer.	184 18 124 3 65 85 38 165 31
O. What is said to be marked by the death of some compelling personality, such as Queen Victoria (4 wds.).	125 36 27 100 122 161 90 77 4 166
P. Specifying the state of a drug addict no longer yielding to his addiction (3 wds., colloq.).	61 121 173 104 158 35 95 109 128 153 64
Q. Return of the monarch (King Charles II) in England.	147 94 160 136 33 180 22 168 112 80 149
R. Followed by "glass", describing the plants in a cold-frame (2 wds.).	144 116 172 10 114 135 75 57 163 176
S. Delivering up to a foreign jurisdiction.	58 44 177 70 110 150 26 50 1 140 88

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative lengths of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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Mary Ellen Chase

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John Dos Passos

André Maurois

Allan Nevins

Sterling North

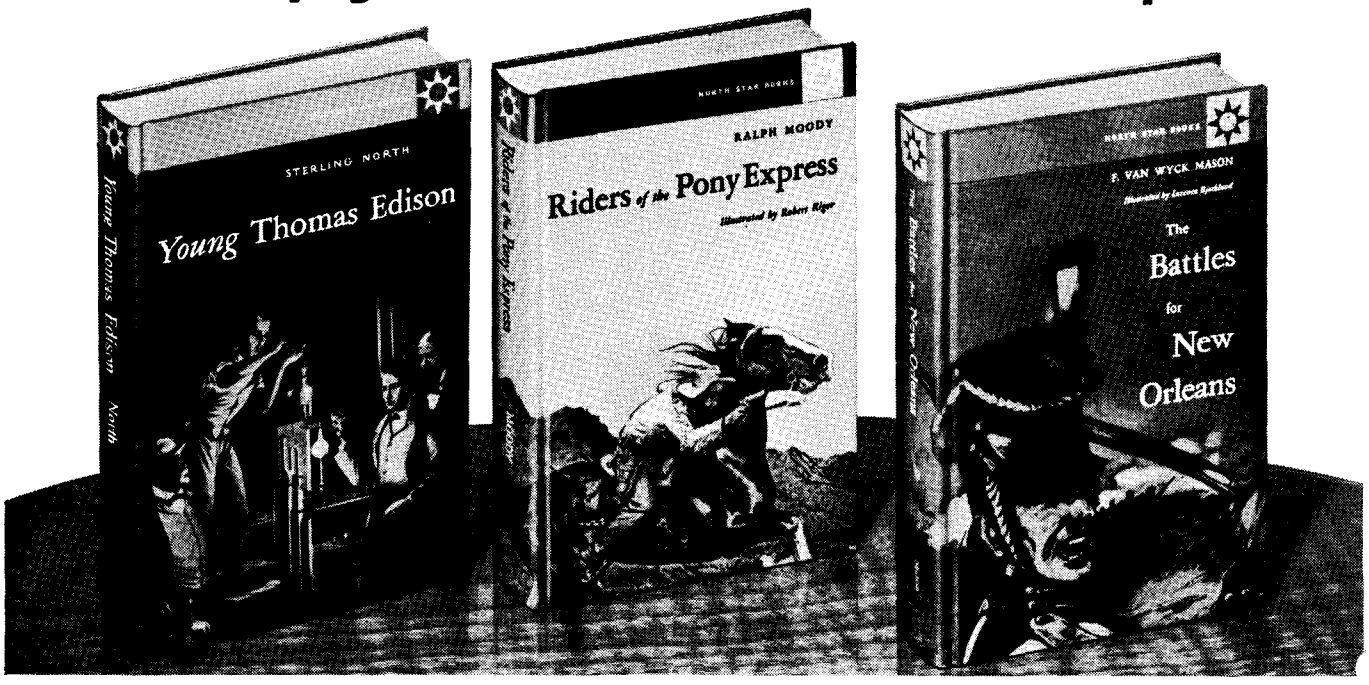
James Ramsey Ullman

F. van Wyck Mason

Paul I. Wellman

May we take your bright youngster with us...

on a voyage of adventure into America's past?



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